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Founded A? D! 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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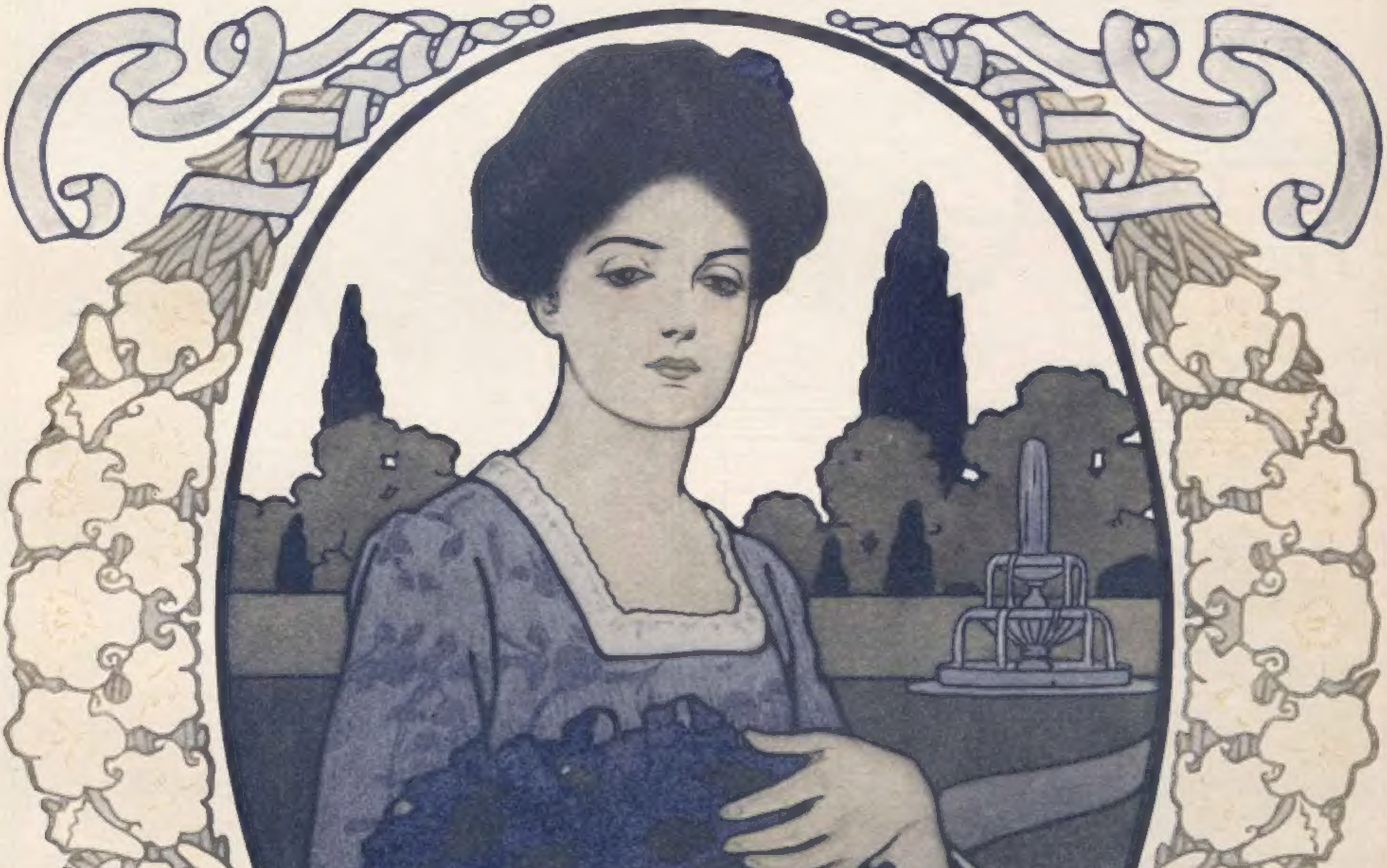

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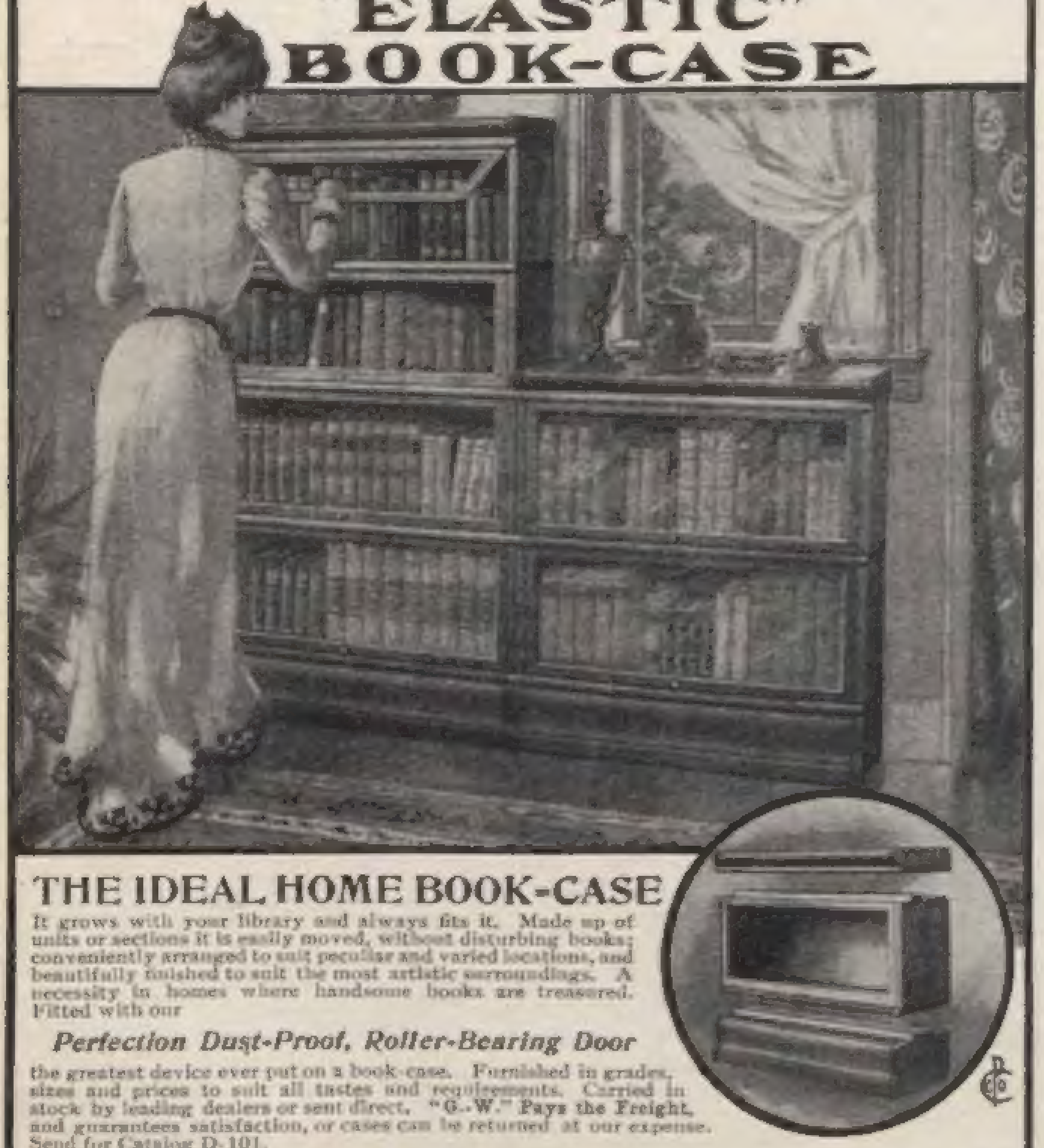

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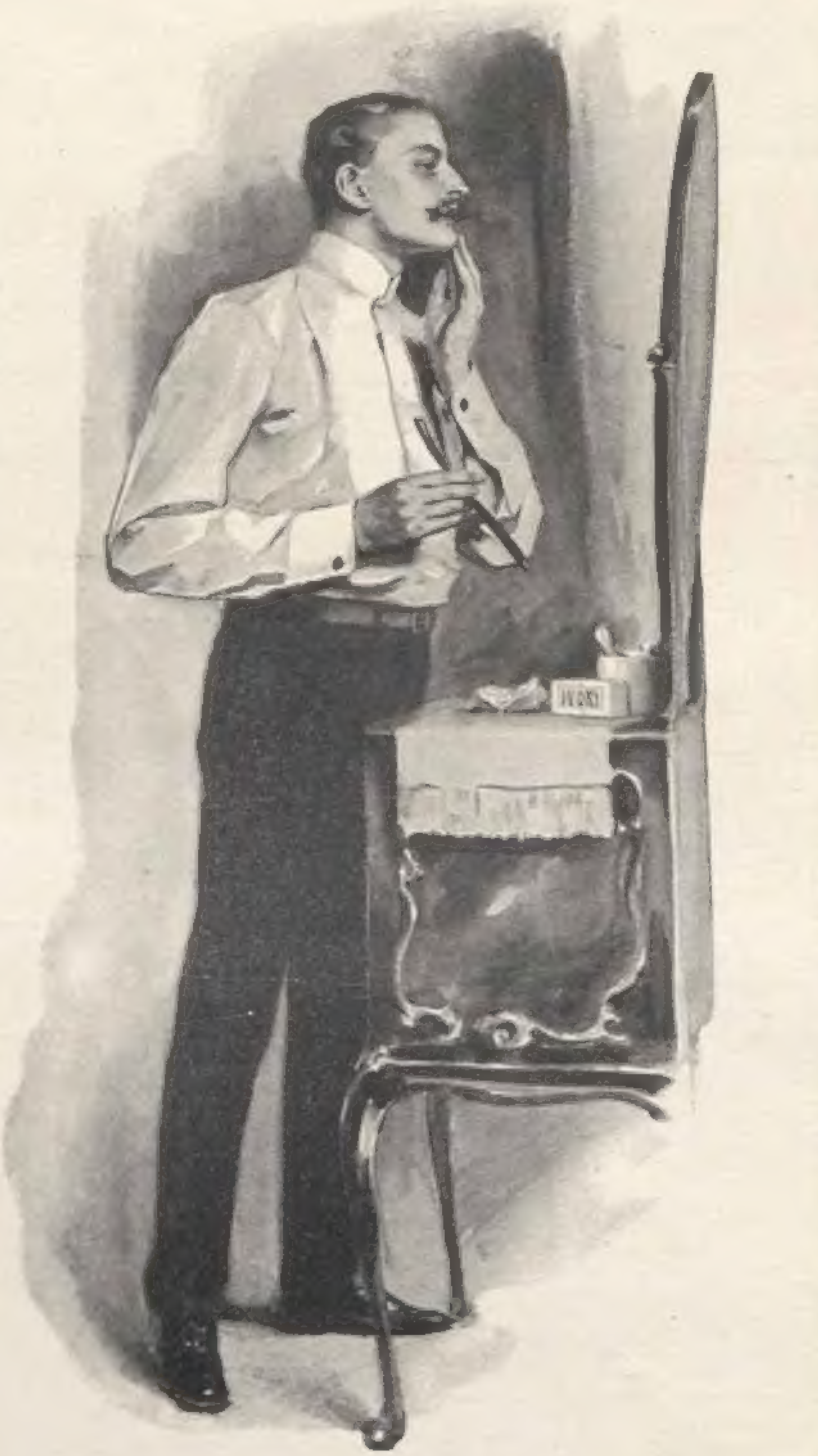

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Winning the Markets of the Orient

By Albert J. Beveridge, United States Senator from Indiana

THE Germans have carefully evolved their theory of Chinese trade and Oriental character, and the Russians have done the like as Darwin developed the theory of evolution. America, however, has paid little attention to this immeasurable and near-by market and to this uncounted and interesting people. We have applied the philosophy of happy-go-luckiness, and such trade as we have in the Orient is the result of our unmatched position geographically, of our incomparable resources, and of the diligent, patient endeavors of a few American merchants. As to a national policy with reference to the Chinese, an occasional public man has tried to please the crowd by language on the true, the beautiful and the good as applied to our dealings with Asiatics.

"I never had a greater success," said a brilliant young Congressman to me not long ago, "than when, before an audience in an interior town, the other night, I reached the climax of a speech on our high, moral, unselfish and Christian statesmanship in the Orient. I tell you, the crowd applauded when I told them of our just righteousness and forbearance." The young man who said that is one of the keenest minds in American public life, and in every other department of his labors he manifests an extraordinary acumen and depth of research. And yet here is a mere attempt to win the crowd by catchwords, and that was the seriousness of his study of this profound question — American relations with the Orient.

"Well, but is not our trade growing with astonishing rapidity throughout China and the Far East?" is the answer made to the plainest suggestions of our national commercial necessities with reference to this market. Yes, our trade is growing, and rapidly, but its growth is insignificant and pitiable contrasted with our almost magical advantages. We are only a little more than four thousand miles away from that market, and our competitors are ten thousand miles away. We have resources which defy description in their volume and richness, while the resources of our competitors are limited and lean. Germany, for example, has a soil whose niggardliness reminds one of the ungiving and unyielding soil of New England. She is far away from this market; and yet by the simple application of system, by method, by the processes of carefully thought out theory based upon the most scientific investigations, Germany is forging rapidly ahead to the position of the first commercial Power in the Far East. This fact has been noted once before in these papers, but its importance requires its repetition very many times.

A Necessary Knowledge of Oriental Character

That the partition of China is actually going on has been shown; that the growth of German and Russian influence is startlingly rapid and permanently substantial has also been shown; that the decline of English power is painfully apparent all students of the question admit; and that this market is naturally American is demonstrated by the simple logic of geography. But to *make* it American, to prevent our great European competitors from robbing us of our own, it is necessary that we, too, shall understand the people with whom we deal. It is necessary that we, too, should study the Oriental character with the same scientific, painstaking methods adopted by our rivals; for knowledge of a people's character is the most practical of all elements in the problem of trade. Let us consider Chinese character, then.

Singular, is it not, that a nation of four hundred million people should permit the occupation of various portions of its territory? Singular, is it not, that a nation which numbers one-fourth of the population of all the world should open its coastwise trade to other nations — the only instance of the kind on earth? Singular, that it should permit the manifest division of its territory? Yes, singular, indeed, if this aggregation of four hundred million human beings is a nation, *as we understand nationhood*. But it is not. It has been said by a few acute observers that it is an aggregation of states; that each province is itself a kingdom whose governor is, to all practical purposes, an independent monarch with an independent military force, independent taxation, and accountable to the central Manchu head of the system, the Emperor, only for a remittance of imperial revenues. This is true, but it is not all the truth. Even these provincial governments are not definite and effective organizations, *such as we understand a government to be*. They are a curious form of administration founded upon an understanding of the singular selfishness of the individual, and permitting him, therefore, an immense measure of individual freedom, combined with ruthless interference and punishment of the individual when deemed necessary for the security of that bizarre thing called his government. Careful investigation and reinvestigation will convince any one who goes to the subject without a preconceived opinion, that the two elements at the bottom of Chinese national incapacity are, on the one hand, individual selfishness so profound that we cannot fathom it, and, on the other hand, a respect for nothing but power and force, which is the common characteristic of Oriental character.

Stories Which Illustrate Chinese Character

The streets of Peking are not to be described. The writer was visiting for the second time the world-renowned Li Hung Chang, and while there one of the sudden downpours of heavy rain occurred. On leaving, the streets were found to be running rivers of water which concealed holes and ruts of two or three feet in depth, and gullies rooted out by time and usage as by the snout of some monster. A naked coolie, attempting to cross the street, plunged into one of these holes up to his neck. A mule and its rider fell into another and were not extricated in the course of an hour.

"Why do you not pave the streets in front of your houses?" was asked of a Chinaman whose intelligence and education would make him an attractive guest in any Washington home, and who had that glibness of speech which Orientals have in common with Latin peoples.

"Why should I go to that expense? It is not my street."

Does not that remark turn upon Oriental character and conditions a light like that of the electric illuminator with which a battleship sweeps a black sea? Mr. Smith, in his superb book, Chinese Characteristics (every one who wants to understand the Chinese from a kindly but just point of view should read that book), explains the philosophy of roads or the lack of them in China. These passageways wind in, around and about, and are worn by countless feet and the eroding influences of numerous rainfalls into nothing but ravines. Nobody repairs them. "It is not my business," said a Chinese farmer. The Grand Canal, one of the vastest works of human hands, has become so choked with sand and weeds as to be impassable at one or two points. The Government will not repair it because (as it is said) the Government sees no way of making anything out of it for itself and its favorites. And the people will not repair it because it is none of their business.

"How do you manage to interest your people in military affairs?" asked the first business man of China (a pure Chinaman). "How do you get your militia companies formed? How do you interest men enough to induce them to enlist?" The whole inquiry of this great man was not business, but military, military, military. When it was explained to him that, with us, every man feels that the Government is his own, that the condition of the roads is his personal concern, that the defense of the country is of the highest individual consequence, that the element of personal selfishness is almost eliminated from the public mind of the citizen, he shook his head sadly and said: "Ah, yes! that is your trouble. How shall the people be lifted out of each one's individual self?"

The Tale of the Great Stone Image

It was not always so with China. There was a day some hundreds of years ago when "I and my house" were not the sacred formulas which every Chinaman repeats to himself to-day. There was a time when China was heroic, masterful, consolidated, militant, devotional. Centuries have passed since then. The most significant and melancholy thing which the writer observed on two extended trips through China was the following scene in South Manchuria about one hundred miles north of Port Arthur. Mountains rise, as has been before observed, with startling abruptness from the level valleys; masses of rock of surprising magnitude spring from the floorlike earth. On one of these stands a gigantic figure which may be seen distinctly for fifty miles. Its heroic proportions dominate the entire landscape. And this is the meaning of it: In the time of Chinese vigor of which I speak, when China sent her soldiers to the wars and was indeed the "Central Kingdom" to which other nations paid immediate tribute, a certain son of a devoted mother followed the banner of his Emperor. For a long time he was gone. Every day she mounted this mighty eminence and gazed toward the sea expectant of his return. One day the tidings came that he had fallen in battle. Without a word the mother again mounted this great rock, and looking for the last time toward the horizon whence she had so long awaited her son she threw herself from the summit. It was a deed which struck a responsive chord in the hearts of the people, and as a monument to her beautiful but rash devotion the people themselves erected there the gigantic stone image representing this Chinese mother watching for her son's return. And on this Himalayan pedestal this woman of stone still gazes afar for him who comes not and will never come. So runs the legend. It is typical of the spirit which once made China great.

But that day has passed. It is not within the province of this paper to explain the reasons for the change. What we are noting is the change. We are noting it in order that we may understand these four hundred million people with whom we wish to trade, and whose trade relations with us will more quickly rescue them from their strange decline than would anything else.

"The trouble with China," said a penetrating observer, "is arrested development. China is so much like a man who starts out with brilliant promise and continues to a certain point, and then apparently undergoes an atrophy of all his powers that is positively startling." It is each man for himself among these four hundred millions, or, at most, each man

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Editor's Note—This is the fifth paper in Senator Beveridge's series on commercial, diplomatic and political conditions in the Far East. This paper will be concluded in an early number.

for his family or his clan. Wealth, power, are the things he chiefly respects. He understands them. He does not understand platitudes about self-sacrifice, forbearance, kindly consideration. If you quote the matchless maxims of Mencius and Confucius, you must know that they do not apply to the Chinaman of to-day. They were pronounced when the people erected the monument to a mother's devotion in Manchuria. You must remember the remark of the young Chinese merchant in Shanghai, quoted before in these papers, who said that Chinese merchants care nothing about who governs them, their only interest being an opportunity to make money. Any administration which should secure that supreme end would be welcomed and supported by the commercial men of the Empire. It is commonplace that China invented printing; yes, but she prints no books now—at least, none of modern interest: that she invented gunpowder; true, and yet she is practically without arms with which gunpowder is used—only just now she is making them: that she developed the study of astronomy; true again, and yet her instruments are rust. Arrested development! Arrested development!

Why We Should Make a Display of Power

These brief outlines, which are the basis of the German and Russian theory of China and the Chinese, will explain why it is that the exhibition of power is a positive trade asset in the Orient. It explains why it is that Germany, instead of losing, actually gains by her barracks, her soldiers, her ships, and even by her seizure of Chinese territory. It is power, force; visible, tangible predominance. And the Chinaman respects it, however much the officials may hate it.

A recommendation that our Government should follow the Russian, French and German example of the seizure of territory in the Empire is distinctly disavowed. But it is asserted that America must very soon become the dominant external Power in Oriental affairs, so that further encroachments will be made only after consultation with us. A great duty—perhaps the greatest of history—is gradually evolving out of the chaos of human conditions in the Orient. Nobody will deny that if China's millions could be brought into contact, in a definite and tangible way, with the civilization of the rest of the world, it would be good for them and good for the world. It is established that China cannot do this, or rather will not do it, if left to herself. The centuries are unanswerable arguments to sustain this proposition. What she was five hundred years ago China is to-day, save only where the trade aggressions of European nations have forced foreign commerce and Western civilization upon her. Leroy Ballou points out that every trade concession of moment, every advance of modern civilization, has been forced upon China with the cannon. An uprising and conflict, Chinese defeat, and, as the fruit of this defeat, treaty concessions, the opening of ports and the safeguarding of foreigners and foreign commerce—such is the record.

The whole world has profited by each of these aggressions. First of all and most of all, China herself has profited. Next to China, and properly, the nation which took a ruling hand in bringing about the new conditions has profited. And lastly, the rest of the world has profited, too. If the beds of coal, which exceed in richness the deposits of any other portion of the earth, were opened; if the products of China's wonderfully fertile soil could be freely and easily exchanged for the output of other nations; if the wants of these myriads of people could be increased twofold (and wherever modern commerce and civilization have touched Chinamen their wants have been increased not two but many fold); if these wants could be partly supplied by the other nations of the earth, while the Chinese people themselves were supplying those other nations with the products for which Nature has particularly equipped them and their country—the benefit to the world and to China as a people would be beyond all estimate.

And the supply of most of the wants of China's four hundred millions should be made by the American people for the simple reason of location.

Reorganization that is Bound to Come

What this would mean to us in the immediate present, without further extension of China's foreign commerce, is clear when we reflect that we have scarcely ten per cent. of the foreign trade of China though we are entitled to fifty per cent. at least. I repeat for the third time that the removal of the "likin" or transportation tax on goods carried into the interior of China would alone and unaided increase China's foreign trade to a thousand million dollars a year. Think of what fifty per cent. of that would mean to us. Think what even twenty-five per cent. of it would mean to us.

Some day, and that day is not distant (speaking in the historical sense), there will be a reorganization of Chinese governmental conditions. It will probably be accomplished through the agency of the Chinese system of government itself, but under the forcing direction and according to the compelling plan of the associated Powers. This is quite inevitable. The mere building of railroads alone will compel it. This reorganization will involve:

First: The abolition of the present system of competitive examinations and the substitution therefor of examinations based on modern accomplishments. (At present candidates for official place secure them by a civil-service examination; but they are examined only in the Chinese classics, whereas they should be examined in practical and modern learning of direct use in the stations to which they aspire.)

Second: The establishment of modern schools which shall teach the sciences and give practical education.

Third: The establishment of a modern postal service throughout the Empire, so that communication of thought may be rapid and certain.

Fourth: The abolition of all internal transportation taxes, so that foreign goods may travel as swiftly as foreign ideas.

Fifth: The establishment of a uniform financial system for the whole Empire. As it is now, there are perhaps eleven different dollars minted in China. The tael (a measure of silver) is the same in no two places. It is estimated that a large proportion of the people of China live by the unfair processes of exchange. The whole land is in the hands of the money brokers.

Sixth: A system of police administration that will insure the safety of foreigners in person and property, thus inspiring capital with confidence and securing constructive investment.

This program of Oriental reorganization will not be accomplished to-day nor to-morrow nor for many years—(although the greatest practical statesman of the Orient believes that it is coming with the swiftness of the Oriental dawn). But the United States must increasingly be in a position where that great world-work may be controlled by American method and purpose. In the mean time American trade and American influence in the Orient must be pushed steadily and by the minuter methods.

Every American merchant in China will tell you that first of all we need American ships. When American trade held the first place in the Orient the American flag was seen in every port. It was a great advertisement then. A brilliant writer tells of an old Chinese merchant who, in inquiring about the absence of American trade, said: "We used to have it. This port was once filled with your flowery, starry banner. Where has your flowery, starry banner gone?"

Oriental ship-lines are a prime necessity for an increase in America's trade with the Orient. There is absolutely no difference of opinion among Americans in the Far East upon this point. Here, again, is seen the effect upon the Oriental mind and inclination of something which the Chinaman can see, and whose magnitude and power he can behold. The German merchant of Shanghai who pointed to the German flags in the water-front declared it to be his greatest commercial asset. There is no commercial agent to compare with the patriotic officer of a steamship company proud of his line, his flag and his nation. It is not enough for the captain and officers of a ship that they carry their cargo safely—the word upon their tongue at every port they touch is the commerce, the power, the progress of the nation to which they belong. Then, too, when any nation has ship-lines established they *must* have freight to carry. And so the company to which they belong devises new methods of securing this freight—that is, they create new lines and channels of trade. Again, as the trade grows the rates of freight decrease. This is plain reason and it is plainer history. So that the first great requirement in the substantial and permanent increase of American Oriental trade is American ship-lines. If American capital could be interested in this vast enterprise, which combines the engaging element of patriotism with the absorbing element of business, it would be good for the capital invested, good for the merchandise carried, and best of all for the increase of American trade.

The Demand for American Banks

It is so singular that the historian of a hundred years from now, reviewing this subject, which then will be the great question (indeed in two or three years it will be the great question), will find it hard to credit the fact he records that, being nearer to China than any other competing nation, needing her market, having resources to supply it unequaled in all the world, and being, too, the keenest financial nation of modern times, the United States had no banking facilities in the Orient. It is the second great necessity for the permanent increase of American commerce with China that a great American banking establishment be planted in every port of the Far East. The Chinaman understands money just as he understands power in any other form. It is not necessary to explain the intimate connection between banks of deposit and exchange and trade. Every groceryman in every country village in America understands that from personal experience. England has two immense financial organizations in the Orient, the Chartered Bank of India, China and Australia, and the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. And their branches exist everywhere. They have been the chief agency in conserving England's once predominant power, but even they have not been able to check her decline. Germany has established within a few years a large financial institution whose branches have now spread to most, if not all, the treaty ports of the Empire. It has been pointed out that Russia, through her financial agency—the Russo-Chinese Bank—is shooting the filaments of her power throughout the Pacific Far East. "Why, those Russians have an agency even here," said a Hongkong banker, "and they are cutting rates."

American trade must be conducted through these foreign financial institutions at present. It should not be so. Golden reward awaits that genius of finance who shall establish in the Orient an American financial institution of magnitude and money power to match the magnitude and power of the American nation, and which shall be equal to the commanding commercial position to which the American people aspire in the Far East.

The methods of banking in the East are crude and, one is almost tempted to say, dishonest. A bank discounts its own notes between two ports, estimating the amount of the discount by the cost required in transporting that exact amount of specie separately and by itself between those two ports. That is, if you present a note issued by a banking corporation at Hongkong to its branch at Tien-Tsin, it will not be redeemed at its face value, but at a rate measured by the cost of transferring that amount of silver taken by itself between those two points. The system of issuing notes of exchange is unscientific and chaotic, and at every point the bank cuts a profit for itself. Like Russian banks in Russia they go into every conceivable transaction—shaving always and everywhere. They are therefore not conducted on the broad lines of modern scientific methods, but upon the small and antiquated lines of immediate dividends to their stockholders. An American bank equal to the task should be established, which would put American inventiveness at work upon the great task of establishing a uniform currency, at least among the treaty ports. Experience would soon show the Chinese merchant and dealer everywhere the unquestioned value of its notes, and a common circulating medium would thus be established whose influence in facilitating trade would be quite beyond calculation or even belief. This, then, is the second need for the permanent increase of American trade in the Orient.

Our Splendid Consular Service

It is said that our consular service should be improved, but the answer is that it is being improved. Whatever fault may have been found in the past with the quality and personal character of the Government's commercial representatives in China it is admitted that our present staff of consuls in the Orient measures quite up to the standard of foreign countries, with the possible exception of Germany. This is a subject (consular reform) which compels more changes of view than any similar problem. On the one hand it is pointed out, and with apparent unanswerableness, that it is quite impossible for the consul without special training and without practical knowledge of his duties, and of the people among whom he goes, to represent properly the commercial interests of his country. On the face of the paper argument it seems clear that the longer a consul continues to reside among the people to which he is accredited the better acquainted he becomes with their needs, and the better equipped for the discharge of his important duties and the extension of American trade. But the fact must be recorded that American consuls in China are, with an occasional and conspicuous exception, quite the most efficient commercial representatives which any Government (excepting always Germany) has on that difficult ground. This will become more and more the truth as our trade with China more and more increases. It will become more and more true, too, as care comes increasingly to be exercised in the selection of these important officials. Natural conditions and the steadily rising quality of our national administration with respect to foreign countries insure this.

Twenty years ago so little attention was given to our foreign commerce that our consular posts abroad were, with some creditable exceptions, considered exclusively as the very proper reward of local political work without any regard whatever to the task the consul was expected to do at his post. The change wrought by the natural causes above pointed out has been greater and the improvement more marked than in the consular service of any other country. Whatever the cause, it is admitted on all hands that the American consuls in China have a greater keenness of insight into the real nature of commercial conditions where they are sent; they have a better mastery of the practical situation; they have higher comprehension in the discharge of their duties; they have a fresher and more unworn interest in the extension of our commerce than have the consuls of any other country (please note always, and for the last time, *except Germany*).

One of the first business men of China (a pure Chinaman), and an Englishman whose great reputation is justified by his works and his real abilities, united in this sentiment concerning the American consul at a certain Chinese port: "He is the most efficient man on the ground. It is the consensus of opinion that his tact, firmness, ready resource and unwearying energy prevented a spread of the Boxer troubles in the melancholy year of 1900."

"Yes," said another foreign merchant, "the American consuls seem to be unhappy unless they are making some record for themselves or their country."

Certain it is that the reports from at least one consular office in China are the most exhaustive, most trustworthy and best analyzed commercial statements that come from the Far East. "One immense point of superiority of your consuls over ours," said an English shipping man, "is their accessibility. Anybody can see the American consul, but to see the British consul is almost an affair of state."

The Practical Superiority of Our Consuls

It is freely admitted that consuls of other countries surpass ours in the points of small society. They are quite accomplished in all the engaging devices of social intercourse. American tourists traveling around the world for pleasure, and therefore looking for social entertainment, usually come away from the great treaty ports of China deeply impressed with the equipment of the consuls of rival countries, particularly those of Great Britain, and with bad opinions of our own men. But our men are the quintessence of the practical. They have been reared in the American school of practical business, and they have acquired the habit of resourceful inventiveness which is so distinctive a characteristic of our business and industrial civilization. They see the point to things and, seeing the point, they act. The thought is repeatedly forced upon one who may have been originally hostile to our present consular chaos, that after all it may be that the education which comes to a man from successful and active participation in American politics, the alertness and vitality of mind fostered by the rich soil of American business effort, is of very notable value in preparing a man for the practical duties of his country's service. It is certainly true that the adaptability of the American commercial representative is something quite unmatched. He goes to a place fresh from the electric atmosphere of America, filled with the wonder and curiosity aroused by the new land, the new people, and the strange conditions among which he finds himself. He sees the great points of difference between such conditions and our own, and it is an understanding of these points of difference which is of far superior importance than is a dulled comprehension of the people themselves.

MEN AND MEASURES

THE WEEK AT WASHINGTON

By Charles Emory Smith, Former Postmaster-General

THE Philippine tariff act is the one measure of this session thus far that has actually been consummated. Intrinsically it was a very simple and innocent act, carrying neither dispute nor dynamite. As to imports into the Philippine Islands, it merely confirmed the tariff established by the Philippine Commission, and, as to imports into the United States from the Philippines, it provided a twenty-five per cent. reduction on the Dingley rates. The action of Congress was made necessary by the Supreme Court decision, and over these propositions there was no contention.

But, though the bill was innocuous and unobjectionable in itself, it was the match that touched off a series of explosions. Both dispute and dynamite lay along its entire pathway. It was made the occasion for a prolonged discussion of the broad Philippine question and of everything growing out of it or connected with it. The debate that, if held at all, should have come on the bill providing for the government of the Philippine Islands was precipitated on this measure. It ranged over the whole theory and philosophy of free institutions. It fired slumbering passions and led to the stormiest scenes Congress has witnessed in many years.

The controversy is chiefly significant as showing the determination of the Democratic leaders to keep up what is called the issue of "imperialism." There has been much acrid denunciation of the conduct of military rule in the Philippines and of the character of the general administration there. This is not unnatural. It is rather the rôle of the party of opposition to find what fault it can with the management of affairs and to make what capital it may out of any possible mistakes or anything that may be misunderstood.

What the Philippine Debate Developed

But the debate and the attitude of the minority developed more than this current criticism. It disclosed a purpose to treat the question of the Philippine acquisition as not settled and to renew the party battle-cry for Philippine independence, possibly and probably under some form of American protectorate. There is evidently a belief among Democratic leaders that some restiveness exists over disordered conditions in the Philippines, and that this impatience may be made to contribute to an attack on the lines of the party in power.

It might be supposed that the result of the trial of this issue in 1900 would be accepted as conclusive. Or it might be thought that the ingrained indisposition of the American people to give up territory once gained would deter party managers from running counter to it. But they seem to feel that the distance and difficulties of the Philippine Islands make this case an exception. Be that as it may, the renewal by the Democratic leaders in the Senate of their declaration in favor of the early relinquishment of American authority over the Philippines and of the recognition of their independence is one of the most important indications of the session. It signifies further battles on this question.

The debate on the subject was both desultory and strenuous. It dawdled along much of the time in feeble and half-hearted fashion, and then at intervals flamed out in fierce and violent uproar. The general policy of the Republicans was to refrain from discussion and leave their antagonists to exhaust themselves in unanswered and abortive demonstration. But this self-restraint is not always possible. There must be sufficient debate to explain and justify a measure, and then it is not always in human nature to sit silent under stings and provocation.

The younger Democratic lights of the Senate shone out to some degree in this controversy. Mr. Culberson, of Texas, is a man of whom his friends have high hopes. His father served with repute and it is believed that he will maintain the traditions. His share in the debate encouraged the expectation. Mr. Carmack, of Tennessee, has only just entered the Senate. He has fine presence, a rich and sonorous voice, and a flowing and ornate style. He participated enough to indicate that he will be active in the Senate.

But the real laboring oar of arraigning the Republican policy and Administration fell to Senator Teller. His attack was the more notable and perhaps the more virulent because in the earlier stage of the controversy he had taken the other side. His ability is unquestioned and during a long career he has rendered much useful service. Notwithstanding his aberration on the silver question, he has been respected by his associates, and his amiable spirit and ripe information have given him a strong personal position independent of partisan proclivities. In his later years he has developed more bitterness, and he outdid the Democrats in his vitriolic assault. Senator Bacon, who has had the advantage of a personal visit to the Philippines, and who speaks with fluency and force, joined in the attack.

The David and Goliath of the Senate

Senator Lodge, as chairman of the Philippine Committee, had charge of the bill, but contented himself with brief explanatory observations. He will have much to do this session, and is doubtless reserving himself for a more urgent occasion. The Philippine government bill is yet to come on; the bulk of the discussion thus far had would have been much more pertinent to it than to the tariff bill on which it was hung; the contest is likely to be renewed with fresh vigor, and Senator Lodge will have enough to do in meeting its requirements. He is incisive and clear-cut, a master of keen, cold logic, never impassioned, always goes to the marrow of the issue, and his speech two years ago on the Philippine question, one of the greatest yet made on the subject, showed how thoroughly he had pondered all its phases. In further dealing with the matter he may prefer to devote himself to the exigencies of running debate, which was Senator Foraker's strong way of dealing with the Porto Rican bill.

As Senator Teller was the Goliath of the Philistines, Senator Spooner was the David of the Administration household of faith. He is the Little Giant of the Senate, as deserving of the title as Stephen A. Douglas ever was in his lifetime. He shines in the running fire of interruption, and his quickness of retort, acuteness of argument and mastery of facts generally give his appearance in debate the character of a gladiatorial combat. He is preëminently a debater, and is never more at home and never commands more admiration than when he is fencing with half a dozen contestants in the Senatorial arena. But he is equally successful in elucidating the broader principles and higher policy of a great public issue, and his speech, which was somewhat obscured by a widespread storm and by Prince Henry's visit, was a powerful discussion of the controversial phases of the Philippine question.

There were two dramatic episodes of the conflict—one worthy and uplifting, and the other most humiliating. The first was the intellectual tournament between Senator Hoar and Senator Platt, of Connecticut. This spontaneous outburst, in which two venerable but vigorous, able and high-minded men, both conscientious, both earnest, both eloquent, engaged in a dignified and fervid contest, was a stimulating display of true forensic discussion. Whether Senator Hoar's views are accepted or not, his splendid intellectual powers must excite admiration, and it must be recognized that he preserves the highest traditions of the Senate. Senator Platt was no less roused to his best, and under the glow of an instant call gave forth the clear, strong sense of a trained mind with superb effect.

The other episode was the violent collision of Senators Tillman and McLaurin. This deplorable and humiliating occurrence illustrated the helplessness of the Senate. It is at once the most potent and the most impotent of legislative bodies. It has acquired a measure of power in our Government which is unmatched and almost unlimited, and at the same time it is unable to control itself. It can do anything by unanimous consent, and can practically do nothing without it. It has trenched on the prerogatives of the House on the one hand, and on those of the President on the other. It has thus absorbed within itself a large and disproportionate share of the real authority of the Government.

But in practice it cannot wield this power without a general concurrence among its members, and in practice also it succeeds most of the time in securing such concurrence. The Tillman-McLaurin incident showed, however, that it cannot successfully deal with offenses on the part of its own members. The nominal punishment of a resolution of censure for such a scandalous transgression of public propriety, and equal condemnation for the very unequal degrees of offense, constituted a lame and impotent conclusion.

The truth is, the code of the Senate is made for gentlemen, and it breaks down when it falls athwart the path of those who do not act like gentlemen. Its gentlemanly administration depends wholly on gentlemanly conduct and gentlemanly assent. A violation of the second followed by a refusal of the third completely defeats the first. The rule of the unanimous consent of gentlemen in an obvious principle of ethics becomes rather awkward in its application when it runs afoul of an ungentlemanly transgression, and the ungentlemanly transgressor will not consent to the gentlemanly judgment on his ungentlemanly act. There is not another club of gentlemen in the United States that would not have dealt more severely with the offense in this case.

Senator Frye and His Shipping Bill

Senator Frye has at last brought his shipping bill to the point of passage. It is the well-deserved reward of a long, patient, unselfish and patriotic effort. Even those who do not concur in his policy of ship subsidy must recognize and admire the seal, ability and singleness of purpose with which he has devoted himself to this object. For many years he has labored in season and out of season to accomplish the legislation which he believes essential to build up a merchant marine, and he has marshaled the arguments and the statistics in support of his measure with extraordinary force.

There is no other man in public life who can equal Senator Frye in carrying a vast mass of figures in his mind and delivering them without a note and with absolute precision. He will stand before the Senate or before a popular audience for two or three hours and pour forth a ceaseless volume of figures on tonnage, commerce, wages, cost, amount of fuel, and what not, down to fractions of a ton or fractions of a dollar, for every country for every year of the century, with an accuracy and a power of memory that are astonishing.

And it is very far from being a dry mass of figures. He has the faculty of investing them with living, vivid interest. Mr. Gladstone was famous for his power of making the figures of a budget fascinating and luminous. Senator Frye does the same thing with the figures of shipping. He makes them instinct with life. He gives them pictorial force. His facts and arguments are put with a terse energy and directness that send them like a bullet to their mark.

With his tireless devotion he has won the Senate, and seems on the point of achieving the success of his measure. It has been a long, stubborn fight with a keen, vigilant and industrious opposition and with a good deal of skepticism and indifference on the part of many who might be presumed to be friendly. A man less earnest and forceful than Senator Frye would have been tired out long ago. The burden has been on his shoulders, though within the last few years he has had the powerful help of Senator Hanna.

The one is a legislator and nothing else, who has studied the question from the outside as a statesman and acted from his deep conviction of public policy. The other is a great business man who has from the inside seen the coastwise commerce grow into vast proportions, and who believes that the application of the same principle will develop a commensurate ocean marine. It looks now as though this question would be fully tested.

The Contest Regarding Cuba

The controversy over Cuban reciprocity has become still more acute. The prognostications of the deep differences it would excite have been verified. It still remains true that the higher public policy involved and the sheer political necessity of harmony will undoubtedly bring about a common understanding and agreement in the end. But this concurrence is manifestly to be reached through much tribulation. The opposition to a concession in the direct reduction of the duty on Cuban sugar has grown in strength and in determination, and it seems likely that it may be able both to compel delay with more time for an adjustment, and to force a compromise in the end.

There are two elements in this antagonism to a direct reduction of duty. The first is the intense earnestness of the resistance made by the beet sugar and tobacco producers with the fears they have been able to excite in the minds of Congressmen. Whether or not these producers really believe that a twenty per cent. remission would be fatal to their interests, they act as if they did, and they have been able to inspire many members with the conviction that such action would be disastrous politically, if not industrially. Complicated with this apprehension is the threat of an assault on other interests through any opening in the tariff on sugar, and the dread of a movement for general revision.

The second element is rather personal, and is of much less consequence. It grows out of the friction that is inevitable in a legislative body where, in the nature of things, a few men, by reason of their experience and position, must assume leadership. There is some jealousy, or perhaps it were better to say rivalry, and some disposition to balk this leadership and, without defeating its object, compel a modification of plan which would involve some loss of prestige. This is not a vital factor, but it is not negligible in any careful estimate of the situation. Often such a revolt requires cautious and delicate treatment, and perhaps it is not surprising that Speaker Henderson feels like temporizing with this opposition and gaining time to soften differences and effect an alignment.

The situation, if not critical, is at least difficult, and it points to delay. Neither side feels now that it would be wise to force the issue to an immediate test of sheer strength. With time, moderation and reason a fair solution will be found.

Editor's Note—This is the second paper in this series.

Parables for Plutocrats

By Charles Battell Loomis

The Millionaire and the Pie

ONE time a millionaire found himself at nightfall in a small town that was ministered to by no railroad. And he had in his pocket a one-hundred-dollar bill and in his stomach a sense of hunger.

And he went to the only store in the town to buy food for himself. Now the keeper of the store was a man of much caution and narrow mind.

"I am as hungry as my stomach knows how to be," said the millionaire affably. "Sell me that veal pie."

As he spoke he laid down the hundred-dollar bill.

The cautious storekeeper picked it up and looked at it with doubt mingled with distrust and accompanied with dubiety. Then he said: "My veal pie is worth ten cents to me, but I never heard of such a bill as that. Give me one with another picture on it, for this one is not worth a veal pie, I am sure."

And the millionaire said:

"My friend, it so happens that this evening finds me with no other picture bills upon my person nor yet any coin. The bill is surely worth a hundred of the ordinary, every-day kind. But that is neither here nor there."

But the storekeeper shook his head sourly.

"Nothing will recompense me for the veal pie but money that I can understand. There may be hundred-dollar bills, but I never saw one before. I know the worth of my veal pie, and if you have ten cents you can eat it, but if you haven't you can't."

"But I have not ten cents," said the millionaire; "so let us put it on another basis. Give me the veal pie out of charity, for my stomach is not used to being put off."

"Now we're on familiar ground," said the storekeeper, as he sliced a piece of cheese and ate it; "I have seen beggars many times, and as I never saw one so well dressed as you are I doubt you. You cannot be a beggar. Your clothes betray you, and even if you were one I would not help you as I do not believe in encouraging mendicancy."

"You are difficult beyond a doubt," said the millionaire, raising his eyebrows and shaking his head. "I have it. Let me work for the veal pie. I am strong. Have you no boxes that need unpacking, no goods that need to be shelved?"

Said the storekeeper, looking at the clock: "I have never insulted the frame that the Lord gave me by calling in others to do that which I can do myself. My boxes are unpacked and my goods are shelved. If you have ten cents you can take the veal pie, but be quick, for it is the hour of closing."

Then the millionaire felt in his vest pockets and found a counterfeit dime which he had received in change the day before. And rendered desperate by his hunger he gave the storekeeper the dime and received in exchange the veal pie. For to the near-sighted storekeeper the coin looked good.

As for the millionaire, he ate the pie like a shipwrecked mariner. And the near-sighted storekeeper dropped the counterfeit into his till with contentment.

The Isle of the Lush Bananas

A MILLIONAIRE and a beggar suffered shipwreck and both were cast upon an uninhabited island which abounded in bananas. The millionaire, whose property was all in railroads, did not lose a cent by the shipwreck, but the poor beggar saved only the shirt on his back—which, indeed, was the only shirt he had had for longer than he could remember.

When they found themselves on the shore the millionaire nodded affably to the beggar and said: "I don't remember to have seen you before, but I suppose you must have been on the steamer. Second cabin?"

"No, stowaway. It's cheaper."

"Ah, yes. I hadn't thought of that. Well, this shipwreck is something of a leveler and we might as well be friendly and see how we can help each other until we are rescued. What can you do?"

"I? Oh, I can beg."

"I'm afraid that in the absence of inhabitants that is a useless accomplishment," replied the millionaire.

"Well, what can you do, yourself?"

"I can buy," said the millionaire.

"Umph!" said the beggar.

"A very just remark," said the millionaire. "I see that we are on the same footing and the outlook is discouraging."

"That is just where I fail to agree with you," said the beggar. "For the first time since I can remember I can live without begging. See, the island is full of bananas."

"But," said the other, "bananas don't agree with me."

"You should have bought a better digestion when your money had purchasing power. Still, if you don't like fruit there are fish. I see them leaping in the cove there, and we can make fire with your spectacles for a burning-glass."

"But fish almost poison me. I never eat them."

"Well, you are difficult. But there is a small bird."

"I never eat them without the accompaniment of a cold bottle. Still, I suppose I could go a small bird if you caught it and cooked it."

The twain spent months on the island and the beggar grew fat while the millionaire became as thin as an ascetic.

One day, while the millionaire watched the beggar making a meal of weak fish and fried bananas he said: "I would give all my millions (if I could get at them) for your appetite."

"There have been times," said the beggar, "when I would have jumped at your offer, but as we seem out of the track of steamers I won't even consider it. And to tell the truth I don't believe that all your millions would make these fish any more delicate to my palate nor would seven millions buy so luscious a banana in New York as this that is now slipping over my tongue. But as for you, if you could buy my appetite it would be cheap at any price, for I am happy and fat and you are starving and sad. A word of advice. Next time you begin life see to it that you get an appetite for nourishing things along with your money, for there is more food in the world than there are places where money is valuable."

The Reader and the Rich Man

A READER who was glad to get ten dollars for an evening's work, with evenings scarce at that, one day received an engagement from a rich man to read at his house for twenty-five minutes while his guests were getting hungry for supper. And for this he offered him twenty-five dollars.

Now, at first the reader was so elated that he could hardly contain his joy. "This is Opportunity," said he. "This rich man knows other rich men, for the rich flock in groups, and I am like to get busy immediately. I know those who work for a month in the dingy regions of Trade for twenty-five dollars, and I can make it in as many minutes and can do it night after night when the rich man's friends hear of me. Easy Street is but a few blocks away—Easy Street, where the only sound heard is the noise of the cutting of coupons."

But on the way to the rich man's house the reader saw an item in the newspaper which said that the income of the rich man was twenty-five dollars a minute. And envy crept into his heart, and he wondered at the meanness of a man who with such an income would pay no more than a beggarly twenty-five dollars for nearly a whole half-hour's work.

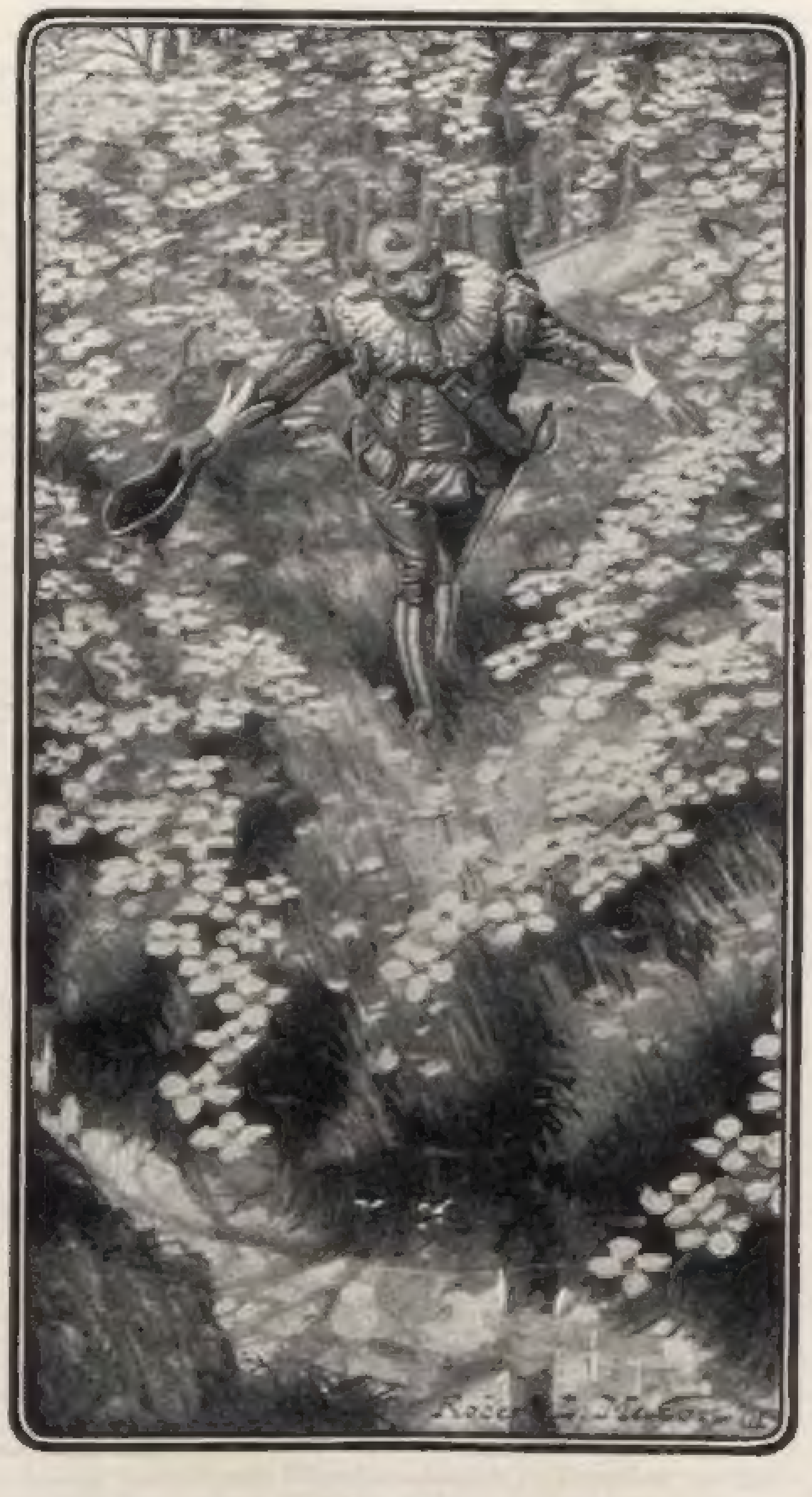
And when he was admitted to the drawing-room and saw the company assembled, and the rich man insolently waiting for him to begin, he laid aside his book with great independence and inflating his chest he said:

"You are an unjust millionaire. You would have me work hard at reading for nearly half an hour, and for a beggarly pittance of twenty-five dollars, while you sit in your chair and let your unearned increment pile up at the rate of twenty-five dollars a minute. If your ease brings you that amount each minute surely my work is worth at least half as much."

Now the plutocrat had a very beautiful front door and at this point it occurred to him to rise and bow politely to the reader and with great ceremony show him the door, and he did it in so leisurely and so gentlemanly a way that his income increased a hundred dollars the while.

And when the reader had finished admiring the door and was in the street he realized that he would have to read to himself that evening at nothing an hour, and that his acquaintance with the rich man's friends was not likely to amount to much.

But all the time the millionaire's income went on incoming.



A Vernal Song

By Clinton Scollard

WHO'S with me? Who's with me?
Come, ye lads and lasses!
For the bird is in the tree,
And the south-wind passes,
Making wooing melody
In the leaning grasses!

EVERY migrant of the earth
Knows the sap runs mellow;
Every thing of roving birth
Feels the spring his fellow;
Up and down, with flooding mirth,
Capers Punchinello.

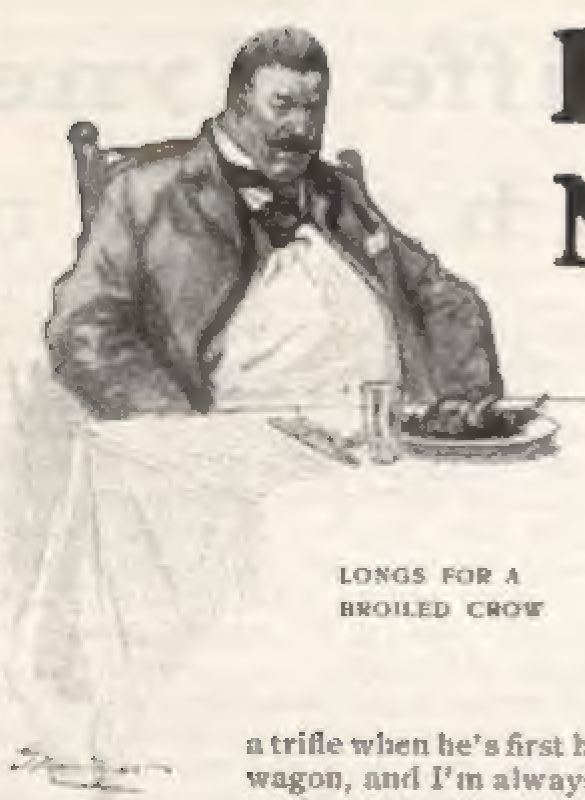
WHERESOE'ER we look abroad,
Lo, the sky caresses!
Cowslips perk and wind-flowers nod
In their dainty dresses;
Gleam upon the woodland sod
Violets and cresses.

EVERY laneway hath its lure,
Every path its pledges;
There is happiness, be sure,
Hidden in the hedges,
And where rills go purling pure
Down the mossy ledges.

SO, SINCE joy is in the land,
Come, ye lads and lasses!
Let us rove, a loving band,
Where the south-wind passes,
Hand in hand, hand in hand,
Through the leaning grasses!

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to his son, Pierrepont, at Little Delmonico's, Prairie Centre, Indiana



LONGS FOR A BROILED CROW

CHICAGO,
April 15, 189–

Dear Pierrepont:

Don't ever write me another of those sad, sweet, gentle sufferer letters. It's only natural that a colt should kick a trifle when he's first hitched up to the break wagon, and I'm always a little suspicious of a critter that stands too quiet under the whip. I know it's not meekness, but meanness, that I've got to fight, and it's hard to tell which is the worst.

The only animal which the Bible calls patient is an ass, and that's both good doctrine and good natural history. For I had to make considerable of a study of the Missouri mule when I was a boy, and I discovered that he's not really patient, but that he only pretends to be. You can cuss him out till you've nothing but beautiful thoughts left in you to draw on, and you can lay the rawhide on him till he's striped like a circus zebra, and if you're cautious and reserved in his company he will just look grieved and pained and resigned. But all the time that mule will be getting meaner and meaner inside, adding compound cussedness every thirty days, and practicing drop kicks in his stall after dark.

Of course, nothing in this world is wholly bad, not even a mule, for he is half horse. But my observation has taught me that the horse half of him is the front half, and that the only really safe way to drive him is hind-side first. I suppose that you could train one to travel that way, but it really doesn't seem worth while when good roadsters are so cheap.

That's the way I feel about these young fellows who lazy along trying to turn in at every gate where there seems to be a little shade, and sulking and balking whenever you say "git-ap" to them. They are the men who are always howling that Bill Smith was promoted because he had a pull, and that they are being held down because the manager is jealous of them. I've seen a good many pulls in my time, but I never saw one strong enough to lift a man any higher than he could raise himself by his boot straps, or long enough to reach through the cashier's window for more money than its owner earned.

When a fellow brags that he has a pull, he's a liar or his employer's a fool. And when a fellow whines that he's being held down, the truth is, as a general thing, that his boss can't hold him up. He just picks a nice, soft spot, stretches out flat on his back, and yells that some heartless brute has knocked him down and is sitting on his chest.

A good man is as full of bounce as a cat with a small boy and a bull terrier after him. When he's thrown to the dog from the second-story window he fixes while he's sailing through the air to land right, and when the dog jumps for the spot where he hits, he isn't there, but in the top of the tree across the street. He's a good deal like the little red-headed cuss that we saw in the football game you took me to. Every time the herd stampeded it would start in to trample and paw and gore him. One minute the whole bunch would be on top of him and the next he would be loping off down the range, spitting out hair and pieces of canvas jacket, or standing on one side as cool as a hog on ice, watching the mess unsnarl and the removal of the cripples.

I didn't understand football, but I understood that little sawed-off. He knew his business. And when a fellow knows his business he doesn't have to explain to people that he does. It isn't what a man knows, but what he thinks he knows that he brags about. Big talk means little knowledge.

There's a vast difference between having a carload of miscellaneous facts sloshing around loose in your head and getting all mixed up in transit, and carrying the same assortment properly boxed and crated for convenient handling and immediate delivery. A ham never weighs so much as when it's half cured. When it has soaked in all the pickle that it can, it has to sweat out most of it in the smoke-house before it is any real good, and when you've soaked up all the information you can hold you will have to forget half of it before you will be of any real use to the house. If there's anything worse than knowing too little, it's knowing too much. Education will broaden a narrow mind, but there's no known cure for a big head. The best you can hope is that it will swell up and bust; and then, of course, there's nothing left. Poverty never spoils a good man, but prosperity often does. It's easy to stand hard times, because that's the only thing you can do, but in good times the fool-killer has to do night work. I simply mention these things in a general way. A good many of them don't apply to you, no doubt, but it won't do any harm to make sure. Most men get cross-eyed when they come to size themselves up, and see an angel instead of what they're trying to look at. There's nothing that tells the truth to a woman like a mirror, or that lies harder to a man.

Editor's Note—The twelfth letter in this series will appear in an early number.

What I am sure of is that you have got the sulks too quick. If you knew all that you'll have to learn before you'll be a big, broad-gauged merchant, you might have something to be sulky about. When you've posted yourself properly about the business you'll have taken a step in the right direction—you will be able to get your buyer's attention. All the other steps are those which lead you into his confidence.

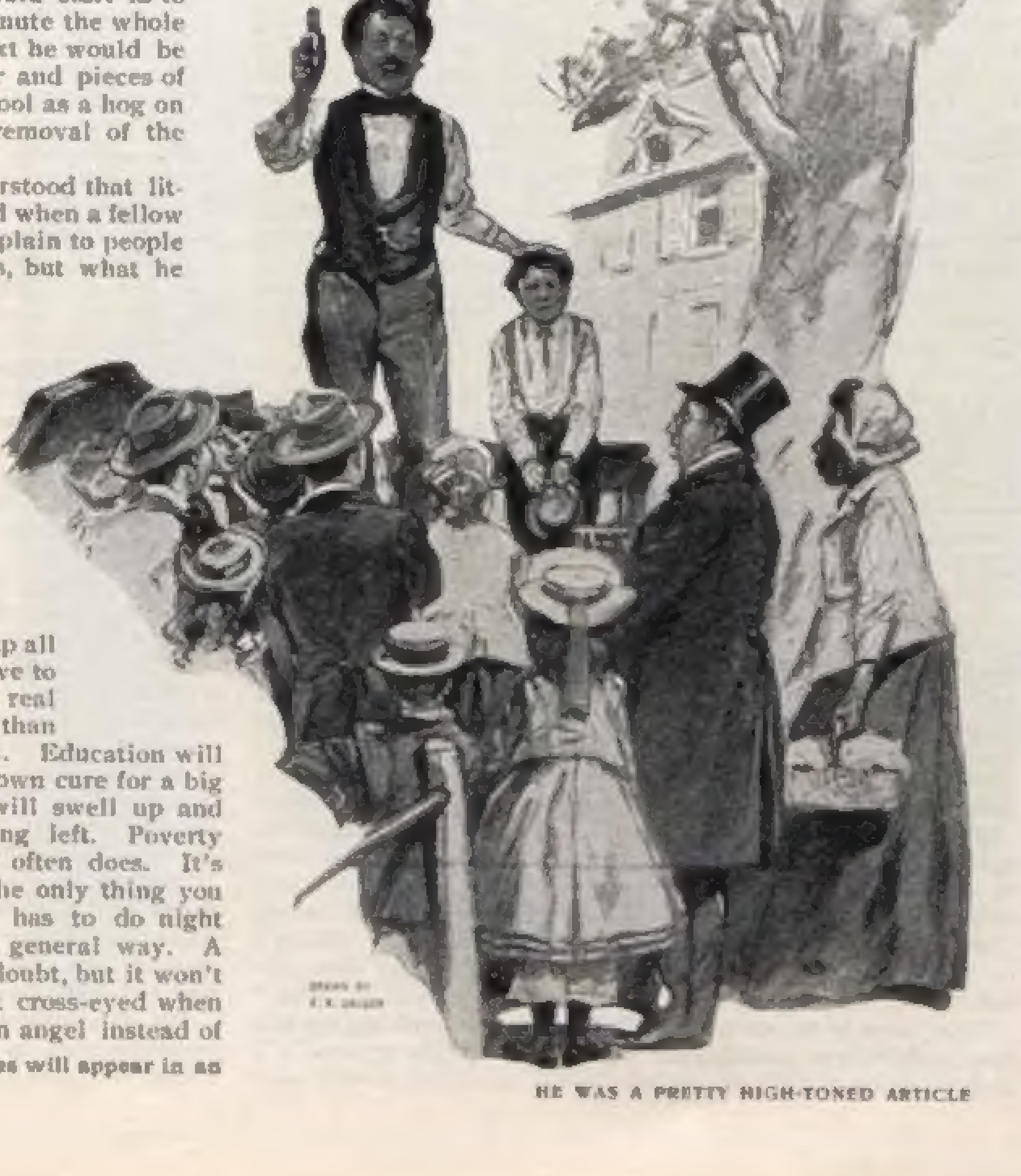
Right here you will discover that you are in the fix of the young fellow who married his best girl and took her home to live with his mother. He found that the only way in which he could make one happy was by making the other mad, and that when he tried to make them both happy he only succeeded in making them both mad. Naturally, in the end, his wife divorced him and his mother disinherited him, and left her money to an orphan asylum, because, as she sensibly observed in the codicil, "orphans could not be ungrateful to their parents." But if the man had had a little tact he would have kept them in separate houses, and have let each one think that she was getting a trifle the best of it, without really giving it to either.

Tact is the knack of keeping quiet at the right time; of being so agreeable yourself that no one can be disagreeable to you; of making inferiority feel like equality. A tactful man can pull the stinger from a bee without getting stung.

Some men deal in facts, and call Bill Jones a liar. They get knocked down. Some men deal in subterfuges, and say that Bill Jones' father was a kettle-rendered liar, and that his mother's maiden name was Sapphira, and that any one who believes in the Darwinian theory should pity rather than blame their son. They get disliked. But your tactful man says that since Baron Munchausen no one has been so chuck full of bully reminiscences as Bill Jones; and when that comes back to Bill he is half tickled to death, because he doesn't know that the higher criticism has hurt the Baron's reputation. That man gets the trade.

There are two kinds of information: one to which everybody's entitled, and that is taught at school; and one which nobody ought to know except yourself, and that is what you think of Bill Jones. Of course, where you feel a man is not square you will be armed to meet him, but never on his own ground. Make him be honest with you if you can, but don't let him make you dishonest with him.

When you make a mistake, don't make the second one—keeping it to yourself. Own up. The time to sort out rotten eggs is at the nest. The deeper you hide them in the case the longer they stay in circulation, and the worse impression they make when they finally come to the breakfast-table. A mistake sprouts a lie when you cover it up. And one lie breeds enough distrust to choke out the prettiest crop of confidence that a fellow ever cultivated.



HE WAS A PRETTY HIGH-TONED ARTICLE

Of course it's easy to have the confidence of the house, or the confidence of the buyer, but you've got to have both. The house pays you your salary, and the buyer helps you earn it. If you skin the buyer you will lose your trade; and if you play tag with the house you will lose your job. You've simply got to walk the wire straight, for if you step to either side you'll find a good deal of air under you.

Even after you are able to command the attention and the confidence of your buyers, you've got to be up and dressed all day to hold what trade is yours, and twisting and turning all night to wriggle into some of the other fellow's. When business is good, that is the time to force it, because it will come easy; and when it is bad, that is the time to force it, too, because we will need the orders.

Speaking of making trade naturally calls to my mind my old acquaintance, Herr Doctor Paracelsus Von Munsterberg, who, when I was a boy, came to our town "fresh from his healing triumphs at the Courts of Europe," as his handbills ran, "not to make money, but to confer on suffering mankind the priceless boon of health; to make the sick well, and the well better."

SOME MEN DEAL IN SUBTERFUGES

Munsterberg wasn't one of your common, coarse, county-fair barkers. He was a pretty high-toned article. Had nice, curly black hair and didn't spare the bear's grease. Wore a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat all the time, except when he was orating, and then he shed the coat to get freer action with his arms. And when he talked he used the whole language, you bet.

Of course, the Priceless Boon was put up in bottles, labeled Munsterberg's Miraculous Medical Discovery, and simply to introduce it he was willing to sell the small size at fifty cents and the large one at a dollar. In addition to being a philanthropist the Doctor was quite a hand at card tricks, played the banjo, sung coon songs and imitated a saw going through a board very creditably. All these accomplishments, and the story of how he cured the Emperor of Austria's sister with a single bottle, drew a crowd, but they didn't sell a drop of the Discovery. Nobody in town was really sick, and those who thought they were had stocked up the week before with Quackenboss' Quick Quinine Kure from a fellow that made just as liberal promises as Munsterberg and sold the large size at fifty cents, including a handsome reproduction of an old master for the parlor.

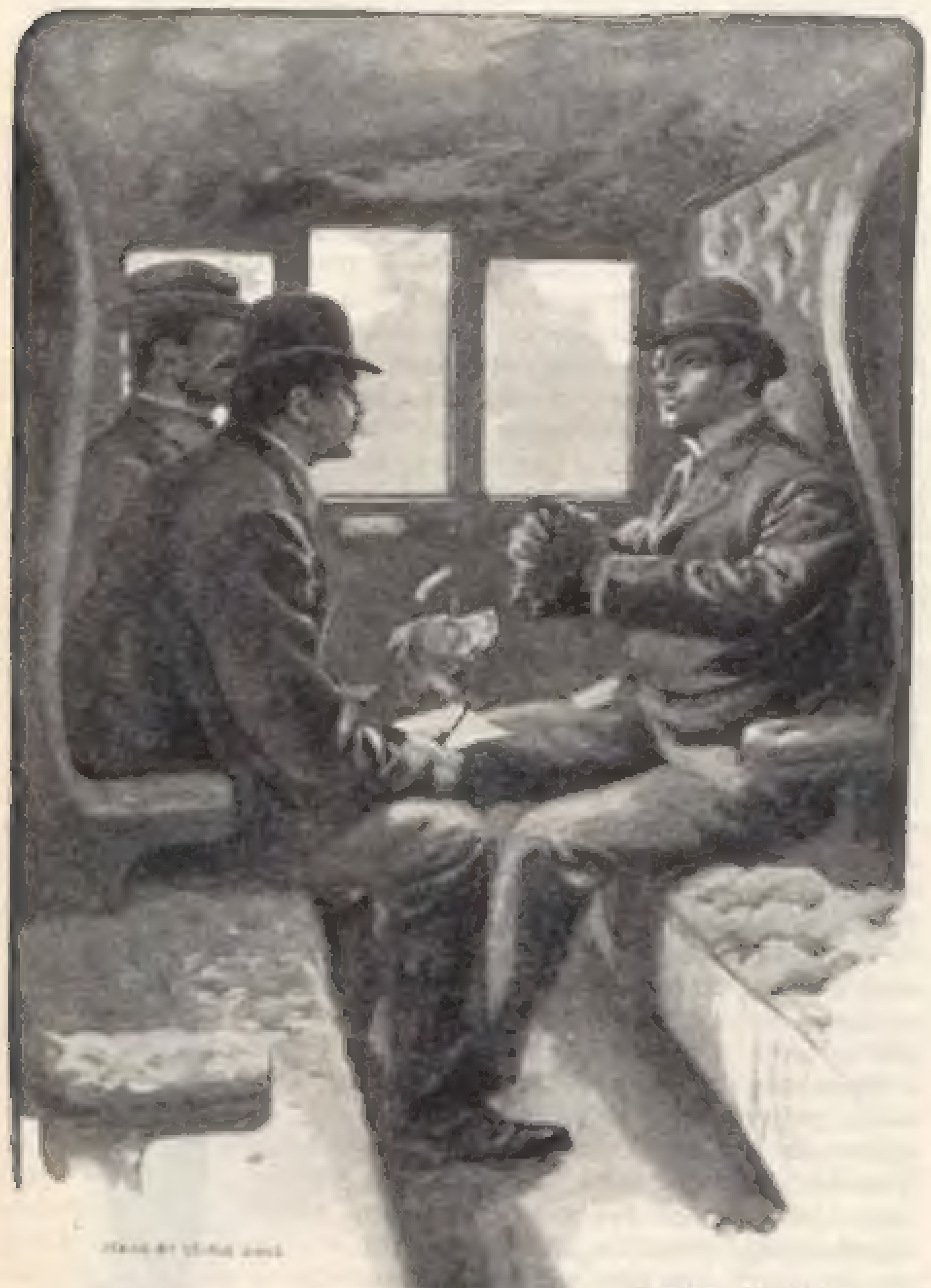
Some fellows would just have cussed a little and have moved on to the next town, but Munsterberg made a beautiful speech, praising the climate, and saying that in his humble capacity he had been privileged to meet the strength and beauty of many Courts, but never had he been in any place where strength was stronger or beauty beautifuller than right here in Hoskins' Corners. He prayed with all his heart, though it was almost too much to hope, that the cholera, which was raging in Kentucky, would pass this Eden by; that the yellow fever, which was devastating Tennessee, would halt abashed before this stronghold of health, though he felt bound to add that it was a peculiarly malignant and persistent disease; that the smallpox, which was creeping southward from Canada, would smite the next town instead of ours, though he must own that it was no respecter of persons; that the diphtheria and scarlet-fever which were sweeping over New England and crowding the graveyards could be kept from crossing the Hudson, though they were great travelers and it was well to be prepared for the worst; that we one and all might providentially escape chills, headaches, coated tongue, pains in the back, loss of sleep and that tired feeling, but it was almost too much to ask, even of such a generous climate. In any event, he begged us to beware of worthless nostrums and base imitations. It made him sad to think that to-day we were here and that to-morrow we were running up an undertaker's bill, all for the lack of a small bottle of Medicine's greatest gift to Man.

I could see that this speech made a lot of women in the crowd powerful uneasy, and I heard the Widow Judkins say that she was afraid it was going to be "a mighty sickly winter," and she didn't know as it would do any harm to have some of that stuff in the house. But the Doctor didn't offer the Priceless Boon for sale again. He went right from his speech into an imitation of a dog, with a tin can tied to his tail, running down Main Street and crawling under Si Hooper's store at the far end of it—an imitation, he told us, to which the Sultan was powerful partial, "him being a cruel man and delighting in torturing the poor dumb beasts which the Lord has given us to love, honor and cherish."

(*Concluded on Page 25*)

Thompson's Progress—By Cutcliffe Hyne

The Tenor and the Man



"NINE O'CLOCK TO-MORROW MORNING," SAID TOM CHEERFULLY

THE train slowed up for Skipton Station with a heavy grinding of brakes, and the younger secretary blinked wearily at his notes. "It will take me ten hours to transcribe all these, Mr. Thompson. When do you want them for?"

"Nine o'clock to-morrow morning," said Tom cheerfully. "Mr. Asquith won't be ready for them before. You can work in the train going back to Bradford, and you've all night before you. Let's see, it's—m'm—5:35 now. That'll leave you twenty-five minutes for dinner and breakfast, say half an hour for getting about from place to place, and four and a half hours for sleep. Ample for any man. I've a lot more things to think out, and shall probably have to spend to-morrow out on the hills here working at them. I'll wire if I find I can get into Bradford. Here we are. Good-night to you both." Tom and his dog jumped out and swung away down the platform.

Seed, the other secretary, laughed as the younger man pocketed his shorthand notebook, and got disgustedly out of the carriage. "You don't seem to like it."

"I don't, and that's solid. It's slave-driving. I shouldn't stand it if he didn't happen to be paying me about twice the salary I could get anywhere else."

"Doesn't it occur to you that there's a reason for the size of the screw? There's no philanthropy about T. Thompson in business. You're new in the firm, but you'll soon find out that you'll always be worked well up to the breaking strain—and paid according."

"I like the pay."

"Of course you do. And you won't be afraid of grinding a bit to earn it. You'd like more—and you'll get it. I'm in the same box. That's why he picked us. That's why he picks all his men. That's half the reason why he makes such tons of money—just his knack of picking men. He's found out that the men to make money for Thompson & Asquith are the men who intend to make money themselves, and he pays them big salaries, what other firms call absurdly big salaries, and works them for all they are worth. I suppose you came to him with a bundle of testimonials?"

"Well, yes. He saw me in a railway carriage first, and got into talk and asked me to call. Of course, I brought all the certificates and things I could lay hands on. He never looked at one. He asked me if I played billiards well, and I said, 'Not at all.' He asked me what kind of luck I'd got, and I said, 'Good so far.' He asked me my shorthand speed, and to wind up he told me to write out as quick as I could and word for word our talk in the train, and when I'd done that he told me to learn to write at double the pace, and took me on at three times my old screw. But, Lord! the amount of work he gets, and the responsibility he gives one!"

"Confound it, man," said Seed sharply, "don't pity yourself so. It's a time of pressure, and we've all got to buckle to. Do you think T. T.'s sparing himself? He's staying out at a house in the country at the back here to-night, and there's a dance in the evening, and they'll probably be kicking up their heels till 3 A. M. Well, I've to put up at the village pub and be ready for him at six, and he and his dog will be there to an absolute certainty. It's quite on the cards he won't have been to bed at all, and will turn up with his boots muddy and four couple of rabbits in his pocket."

"The boss seems made of cast-iron," said the younger secretary thoughtfully.

"Cast-steel. During this heavy push of the last week he hasn't anywhere near averaged four hours' sleep to the twenty-four, and what scraps he has got have merely been on railway trains. He's lived on trains. He's been twice to Paris, and yet he is as fresh as a daisy, and fit to fight for the middle-weight championship of creation this minute. I'll tell you what T. T. is: he's a man."

"By gum, he is, all of one. Here's 'Long may he wag!' It's worth while sweating for a boss like that—especially as he has sense to pay one a screw that one can save a bit on."

In the meanwhile Tom, with the mongrel Clara at his heels, had crossed the line, had gathered the afternoon news from the bookstall posters, and was going to make his quick way out of the station when suddenly his face brightened, and he stopped and went up to a stout, pale man who was peevishly tapping the platform with his foot. "Hullo, Bertram! What on earth brings you down here?"

The stout man pressed his hands deeper into the pockets of his elaborate fur coat, and looked round slowly and somewhat superciliously. "Ah! Why, it's Our Mr. Thompson. I'm down here for a house party at Dacre. Beastly bore this sort of thing, but one has to be victimized. Lady Hardcastle made me promise I'd come down for it. They wrote that they'd send a carriage for me to the station, but it's not come yet. I've waited half an hour in this infernally drafty place already. I shall catch a chill in my throat next. And how is Our Mr. Thompson? How's wool?"

"Oh, wool's scratching along quite nicely, thank you. Here's the Dacre carriage, by the way. Sorry I can't come out with you, but I'm going to walk. One must catch a mouthful of fresh air sometime, you know."

Mr. Bertram shivered. "Fresh rain. Man, don't you see it's raining? Surely you don't walk for choice in the rain? But are *you* staying at Dacre?"

"To-night. I couldn't get there before. Afraid I shall have to be off again to-morrow."

"Got to look after your factory or whatever it is? You make something, don't you? Coats, isn't it?"

"Parts of them," said Tom cheerfully. "There you are. Like the window up? I'll shut the door for you. Good-by. Come along, Clara."

Now, just then, besides running at very handsome profits the businesses they had got, and increasing these businesses right and left, the firm of Messrs. Thompson & Asquith were speculating very largely in Argentine wool, and to bring off the coup successfully required a very big brain and some very clear and continuous thinking. The whole of this devolved upon Tom (as Hophni Asquith was the detail man of the partnership), and by way of doing his duty toward himself and his partner just then, Tom emptied his head of every matter concerning money, wool, markets, exchanges and freights for the time being, and set himself to enjoy the air, and the things that lived in the air and the open. He lit his pipe and carried it bowl downward to keep out the wet, turned up his trousers, and with the rain pricking freshly on his face strode out through Skipton streets into the hill country beyond.

There was no view to be had. The moorland on either flank was shut out by the rain mists, and under foot everything squelched with wet. Nevertheless Tom was enjoying himself thoroughly—enjoying himself more, in fact, than he expected to presently at Dacre. "Fancy Emily being there," he commented with a rueful grin. "If I had guessed it earlier I rather think business would have been too pressing to let me turn up."

"Emily," it may be mentioned, was Lady Hardcastle. Formerly she had been Miss Outhwaite, and once there had been a probability of her legal signature being Emily Thompson. The engagement had been broken off by an ingenious scheme which has been detailed earlier in these chronicles.

But Tom was no man to worry himself in advance with something that could not be avoided. He was well out in the country by now, and had left the roads, and he and Clara were taking the fields and the high limestone walls at a fine pace. Twice Clara flushed a draggled rabbit, and looked rather hurt when Tom refused to let her course it. But Tom spanked her playfully and reminded her that poaching for quantity was not their present business. "We'll just enjoy some of the niceties of the art," Tom explained to her, "and as hares are pretty scarce round here, old girl, I'll trouble you to show me just one couple, and we'll decorate them with earrings. I've got just two nice brass paper fasteners in my pocket. There's no scent for you to pick up in this rain, so it's a case of eyesight—your eyes against mine, Clara—and I take two to one in biscuits I beat you. There's to be no coursing at all: mind that. And mind also you don't flush one single hare. I want to put my hand on them."

Now there is no such thing for a man as stalking up to a hare in her form, unbeknown to the hare. The ground is a most delicate telephone, and the ear of a sitting hare is very close to it. But a hare will never move—or make herself conspicuous by scampering across an open field—if she thinks that she is not being looked for very closely. She is quite aware that by color she assimilates into the landscape very accurately, and indeed chooses for a spot to make her form one with such color and cover that she will so assimilate. Still, at the same time the hare is constitutionally timid, and much hunting has made her instinct for knowing when she has been sighted almost superhuman—that is, there are few human beings who can see her and prevent her from gathering knowledge of the fact.

Now, Tom was quite aware of all these items, and so was Clara, and many and many a time had they tried to outwit hares together in this way, and many and many a time had they failed. It was not profitable poaching, and therefore Clara, who liked quantity, did not especially admire it; but it was poaching brought to a fine art, and on that account Tom, who had the casting vote, highly approved of it.

They searched the ground ahead and on either flank as they walked with four of the keenest and the most highly trained eyes in the North of England, and when they came to walls, and had made sure that the coast was clear, they crouched on the coping stones and searched from an eminence.

At last Clara pointed, noiselessly, unobtrusively and accurately, from the top of a wall. It was not a setter's point, or anything like it; it was an indication of Clara's own entirely: and Tom was just the one man on earth who could understand it. "First biscuit to you, old lady," said he, and Clara showed just the smallest tips of her teeth, and then they both dropped down into the field below.

They did not walk straight toward that crouching hare. Clara, having done her share, pottered off in quite a different direction, and Tom faced so that a straight course would take him within about five yards of the desired spot. He walked with his hands in his pockets, and his big square chin well up in the air, and his blue eyes looking anywhere but in the hare's direction. But, as everybody knows, it is the hardest thing imaginable to walk in an absolutely straight line, and with each step Tom edged imperceptibly in toward the hare's direction.

The hare, motionless as the brown grass tussock against which she crouched, watched him with a thumping heart. "Man certainly, and therefore dangerous. But not dangerous unless roused to a knowledge of an unfortunate hare's presence. If she jumped up and ran he'd set his beastly dog on her track. But as it was he did not see her. He was the stupidest and the most unsuspicious kind of man. It was horribly startling, of course, to see him coming so near, but strong nerves were a thing which ought to be cultivated, and——"

Tom stooped sharply down and picked up a kicking, bucking, struggling hare by the scruff of her neck, and the uncomely Clara came racing up and grinning till her nose was wrinkled like a concertina.

Tom produced one of his brass paper clips, pushed it through the hare's ear, and clamped out the ends. "Now, if any one shoots you," quoth he, "and finds that there, he'll write a letter to the Field about it. In the meantime it will give you a fine subject to yarn about to your friends. Clara, my duckums, we'll just try your self-restraint now. Lie down, Clara. And keep down, Clara."

Clara spread herself out on the wet grass and panted.

"Stop that panting."

Clara stopped.

"Now, quite still, please," said Tom, after the manner of a photographer, and dropped the hare squarely on to Clara's back. The hare kicked and fled, and Clara was torn by many emotions. But she remembered her upbringing—and Tom's ash-plant—and shuddered and lay still. For which she was duly complimented.

Forthwith, as the afternoon was growing late, they returned once more to the industry of the chase, and got their second hare, though not at the first attempt. That, duly decorated, was also turned down again, although there was a good thick fir-wood handy, and the primitive man within Tom was struggling very hard to be indulged. At Dacre there would be merely a conventional evening, and possible awkwardness arising out of the presence of Lady Hardcastle. Out there, in that black, seductive wood, he could build a bower of branches in some dingle where a fire could be masked, and make a barbecue of the hare before it grew cold and tough, feast there to barbaric repletion, listen to the wind's music in the trees, sleep on aromatic pine-needles, and then once more be up and after the game in the fresh chill of the dawn.

Tom put down that second hare with a sigh. "You've had a much narrower escape than even you think about, Miss," said he with a sigh. And then, with Clara at his heels, he set off at a fast trot through the dusk toward Dacre.

At the dinner-table Tom had an easy time. Mr. Bertram posed as the Celebrated Tenor, and as Lady Hardcastle showed a pretty wit in putting him through his paces, the others were for the most part content to listen and be amused.

Bertram had the gift of a deft satire which was really very funny at times, and people allowed him to go to lengths they would not dream of permitting anybody else. As some one said of him: "You couldn't kick Bertram: it would be as bad as kicking a woman."

On this particular evening he directed his lightsome impertinences at Tom—as Our Mr. Thompson, as he persisted in calling him. The table laughed, and Tom (who

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Editor's Note—This is the tenth of twelve striking stories by Mr. Hyne descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The stories will appear at intervals of one month, and each is complete in itself.

was only too pleased at keeping the talk on such safe topics) grinned tolerantly. Those who happened to know the capabilities of T. Thompson's tongue were amused also—but from a different standpoint.

Mr. Bertram went on to show how impossible it was for a poet's nature—such as his own, for instance—to understand the ambitions of Philistinism as exemplified by Our Mr. Thompson. And so he continued till Lord Dacre, who was a slow man without a modern idea in his head, began to wonder to his next-door neighbor: "What on earth does the Missis mean by asking these actors and acrobats and outsiders of that kind down for?" Upon which, by way of making a break, he began to talk horse.

Tom saw the move, and carefully headed him off. Lord Dacre's horse at dinner was notorious, and always led very hurriedly to a noisy general conversation. So once more they dropped back to Bertram's solo, and the master of the house gulped his wine and pondered: "Well, if Thompson likes that bounder to go on, I suppose it's primarily his concern. Sound man, Thompson, although he doesn't hunt. Never knew him do anything yet without a definite object."

The guests came, filling the hall with bright faces and pretty frocks, but the dancing did not begin. The hostess fidgeted and looked anxious. Lord Dacre glared out a continuous series of maledictions: he was a slow man himself, but he disliked being kept waiting, and there was no sign of the band. He differentiated very little between musicians whether they were vocal or instrumental, and his remarks about these "thoroughly condemned acrobats and singers and fiddlers who thought they could keep decent people waiting" were not calculated to tickle Mr. Bertram's professional pride. At last Lady Hardcastle went up to him. "Look here, let me start things. I can hammer out bad waltzes on the piano to any extent if you'll let me."

"You're awfully good, but the ballroom's a great barn. You'll break your wrists if you try to fill it. Let's see, can't somebody help you? We've got a fiddle. I wonder if anybody can scrape it." He raised his voice: "Hi! I say, all of you, can anybody play tunes on a fiddle?"

Everybody looked round, but nobody volunteered.

"Here, it's your line, Bertram, isn't it? Sorry to press you, but we're in a bit of a hole."

"Not my branch of the profession; I'm sorry, very sorry."

"Tom," said Lady Hardcastle, "come and play the violin to my accompaniment."

"Now, who the deuce," rapped out Dacre, "is Tom? Oh, you, Thompson! Why does she call you——"

"We used to be engaged once, weren't we, Tom, till you—till I, that is—till, anyway, we broke it off? Come along. We mustn't keep people waiting for our waltz."

"Humph," grunted Dacre. "Cool handful. Two cool handfuls."

"There's your pitch," Emily Hardcastle was saying at the piano up in the gallery. "Be quick and tune up. You needn't have avoided me so carefully. I haven't got smallpox, and I don't bite."

"This E string is badly frayed: I shall jar somebody's teeth. I haven't touched a bow for six years, and my fingers are like sticks. You mustn't play fast, or I can't keep up. Ready now."

They played the dance through together with vigor and rhythm, and there was a great clapping of white-gloved hands, and Bertram from below exclaimed, "Why, Our Mr. Thompson is a musician! How well he hides his surprising qualities."

"Why do you stand that fellow's impertinences?" asked Lady Hardcastle sharply.

"Pleases him. Doesn't hurt me. And I thought they rather interested you. Who am I that I should crush worms?"

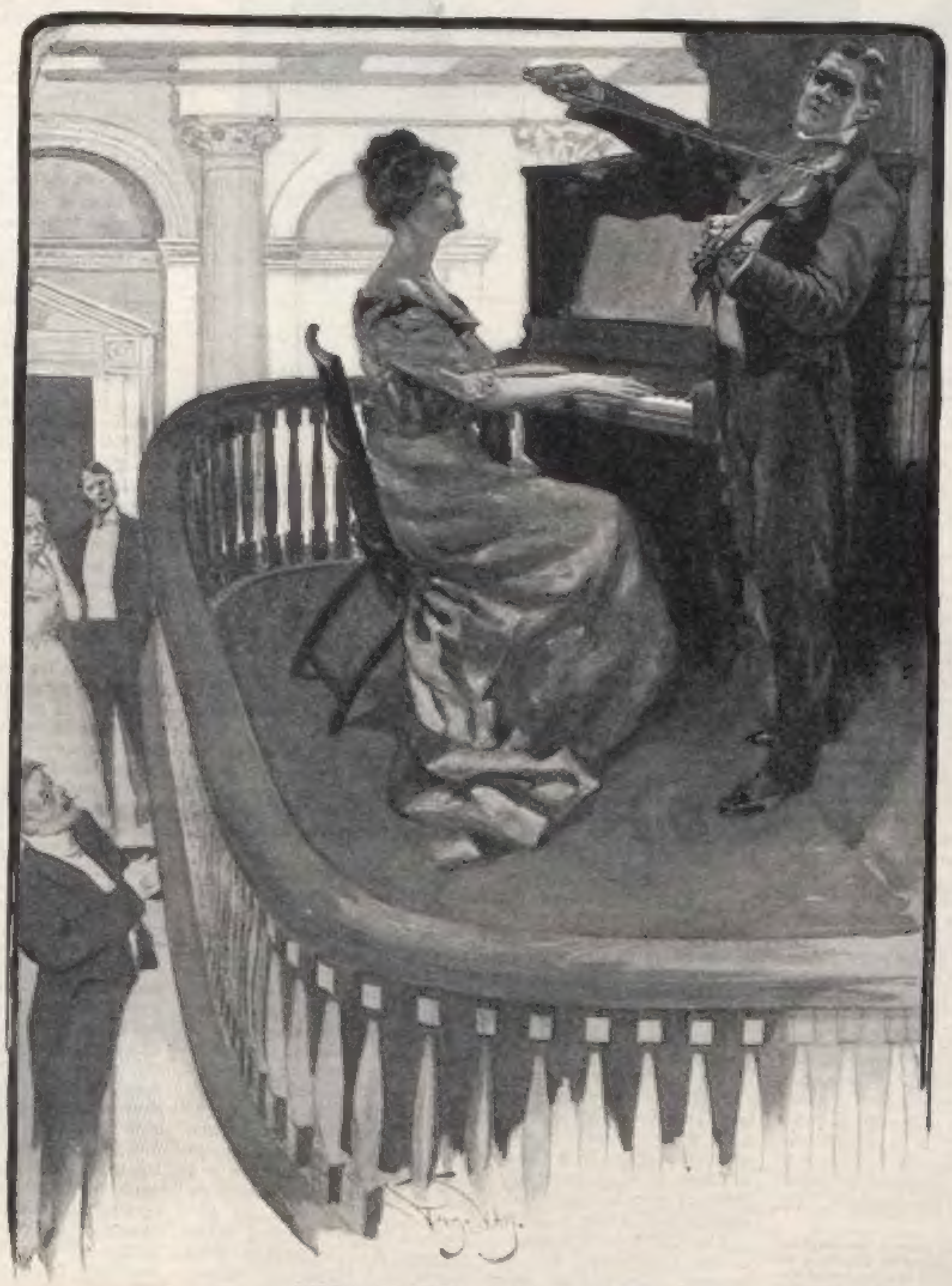
"He's a beast. I took him up because you took him up first."

"I?"

"Tom, don't be exasperating. Remember, we used to know each other very intimately once for a while. We weren't in love with each other one little bit, but, as I say, we knew each other intimately, and you used to talk over your affairs. Of course, when I came back home again from India, and met Mr. Bertram in London, I remembered what you had done for him."

"Then please forget it. It was a freak of the moment and it's forgotten. He doesn't know about it, and I shouldn't at all like to embarrass him by letting it leak out."

"Embarrass that lump of conceit? Oh, Tom, you're very ignorant on some things still. Embarrass him? All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't do it. And why you should have any niceties about the matter I don't understand. You're a curious creature."



THEY PLAYED THE DANCE THROUGH TOGETHER

"That's probably why you threw me over. They're ready for another dance. This waltz looks swingy and pretty easy. Let me put up the music for you. You begin."

They played through another dance, were duly thanked by applause, and then—"I've adopted some of your pet theories, Tom. Ambition, for instance. One must have some sort of interest in life, and one must do something with a husband. So I pushed him on, and worried him, and worked things till they gave him the K. C. S. I. I thought you were going for a title yourself?"

"So I am, later. There's plenty of time. Tell me all about India."

"There's nothing to tell. There are just the pair of us—and no one else came. He has his office, and I had weariness. As I told you, I worried him on till he got the handle, and that's the end. I couldn't get him up to anything further. He says he's no chance of being made a Member of Council. He says he's at the top of his tree, and all he wants now is to be retired. He's just working out his time."

"You came home?"

"I had to. It was too dreary and maddening in India. He's old enough to be my father, you know, and he's got old bachelor ways. Presently he'll come home on a pension, and we shall live together in Bedford, or Bath, or Cheltenham, or somewhere. Cheerful, isn't it?"

"Oh, you'll settle down to it, all right. You were always a most adaptable girl, Emily."

"I wasn't sufficiently adaptable for you, it seems. What have you been doing with your music, boy? It's run to seed terribly. I wonder you can bear to hear yourself play so amateurishly."

"I've chucked it, didn't you know? No, of course that was after we—er—lost touch with each other. Well, you see music was taking up too much time and steam. I always was keen, and always was a pretty good performer. I 'follered it' as we say in Bradford, rather a lot for an amateur; in fact, a good deal more than some professionals. Music was beginning to be part of me, and it was getting more and more hold. Then I got into a tight place financially, and I'd to pull round again, and get a pile, and——"

"Mary Norreys."

"I always did intend to marry her when it was off with you, you know. Well, I saw that to get all those items in a small space of time I should have to have all my water on. Now, there wasn't room for music on the old scale, and I didn't see my way to halve it. Music is that way, Emily, when you're really keen on it: the whisky habit is nothing to it. It grips you body, soul and bones. And there's no getting over the fact that it's enervating and unfits you for anything else. Either you must let it have its own way, or you must chuck it overboard altogether. You can't halve the dose when you've been saturating yourself with it. So I chucked it. It was a horrible wrench, but I chucked it absolutely. It was the hardest thing which has come into my life so far."

"What a point that would have been for Bertram at dinner!"

"Oh, Bertram! He's rather a nauseous creature, isn't he? But I'm in a way responsible for his production, and he seems to think it's part of his rôle to pose and be silly and rude. Besides, he's a bit under my weight. The mosquito doesn't really hurt the elephant and it pleases him to try. I can imagine most men will find him rather unendurable. But women seem to like him, so I suppose he knows what he's doing. Never does for a man in one line of business to criticise the trade methods of another man in another line. Beg pardon though, Emily; I'd forgotten for the moment that you rather affected him yourself."

"If you'd done me the honor to listen to what I was saying some five minutes back you'd understand why I took him up. As you've been rude enough to forget, I shall pay you out before the evening's through."

"Be merciful, Em. Remember, I'm the breadwinner of a flourishing family."

"I do remember all that. I wish your wife was here to look on. By the way, how is she?"

"Going very strong, indeed. But number three is a very small infant, and she couldn't very well leave him. At least, she wouldn't. You see——"

"I see the band—and Lord Dacre. Listen: you can hear him giving them his views on their lateness from here. They deserve it all, don't they, for making us slave away together like this when we might have been below enjoying ourselves? But I won't stay. If Lord Dacre saw me here it might embarrass him, and rob the band of their due. You'd better wait and listen, Tom. You may pick up a turn or two of Anglo-Saxon that will some day possibly be of use to you. You like making use of people, don't you? Good-by for the present."

"Phew!" said Mr. Thompson after the lady had swished away from the stair; "that young woman's sharpened up a lot since I met her last. And altered. And spread out. She'll do with letting alone. I wish to Heaven I'd never come near Dacre to-night."

Tom danced then solidly on through the program till supper-time. He danced well, and he liked dancing. When he came to a ball he danced thoroughly. And when supper-time came he picked the partner whom he thought would amuse him most, and prepared himself to sup thoroughly also.

The long table in the dining-room had vanished, and round tables for six were the order of the night. Lord Dacre met him in the doorway. "Come along, Thompson, and we'll pig in together. That makes four of us. Who shall we get for the other two?"

"We offer ourselves," said Emily Hardcastle from behind.

"Now I shall die happy," said the little man with coarse good humor, but scowled when he saw that the stout tenor was with her. "Worst of being in your own house is you can't pick who you'd like to take your corn with," he grumbled. "However, we'll make up our minds to enjoy ourselves, and I'll tell you all about my gee I've entered for the Grand National. Nippiest mare over the sticks and over water you ever put eyes on. Got quarters like—like—I don't know what."

"Have you given up flat-racing altogether?" asked Tom.

"Had to. Couldn't afford it. I'm only a small man. Flat-racing's all very well for a financial magnate like you."

Bertram lifted his glass. "The financial magnate!" mocked he. "Our Mr. Thompson! Long live clothes-making, or whatever it is."

"Look here," said Dacre stiffly, "I am a personal friend of Mr. Thompson's, and can say things to him which would be rank rudeness if they came from a stranger."

Bertram was not so easily repressed. "Ah, but I, too, know Our Mr. Thompson. I once spent a week's exile in the Arctic city of Bradford."

"You once spent seventeen years in the Arctic city of Leeds," said Lady Hardcastle, "and that's next door."

"I suppose I did," said Bertram rather weakly.

"And you'd have been there now if somebody who was an absolute stranger to you hadn't helped you out."

"Ah, but you see that beneficent person saw that I had a voice, and wanted to give it to the world."

"That beneficent person saw a very unprepossessing little draper's journeyman singing in a church choir. I was with him, so I know. By the way, Mr. Bertram, you have given up honoring church with your presence now, haven't you?"

"One expands. But, dear Lady Hardcastle, is it worth while going into all this ancient history? So much of it is liable to be apocryphal."

"The beneficent person, as we walked away from church, said: 'That poor lout of a tenor who sang the solo in the anthem so badly has got a very decent voice if it could be trained. He'll never do it off his own bat: weak chin; no determination. Rather a good idea to give him a three years' subsidy, and let him have his chance.'" Lady Hardcastle looked thoughtfully at the carved ceiling. "I remember that Sunday quite well."

"I say, Emily," said Tom, "don't you think it would be a good idea to change the subject? Don't you see you're making us all very uncomfortable with listening to these family details of yours?"

"I don't mind a bit," said Lady Hardcastle cheerfully. "I told you I'd score off you before the evening was out."

"Yes, dry up, Thompson," said Lord Dacre. "Here — you — fill his glass, and keep it full, and fill Mr. Bertram's. We're all parched here. Get along now, Emily — Beg your pardon, shouldn't have used the Christian name — I bet an even fiver that Thompson was the dark horse."

"Of course he was, though probably Mr. Bertram never took the trouble to find that out for himself. Tom kept him at Leipsic and Florence for three years, and, of course, did it anonymously through his solicitor."

Mr. Bertram's face looked pulpy and white. "I thought it indelicate to make any inquiries. We artists always shrink instinctively from money matters."

"Ungrateful lot, charity-boys," said Lord Dacre with brutal candor. "Thompson, here's your good health. You're a fine sort. D—— it, I wish you hunted. Now, I never finished telling you about my mare that I've entered for the Grand National, did I? No. Well, you see, this is the trouble about her. You know mares ——" And on he went. It was one of the few tales Lord Dacre had ever been able to get through without interruption.

But the little man was not without his faculty of shrewd observation. To his wife that night he said: "Twig anything about that Hardcastle woman?"

"She'd a very nice frock, dear, if that is what you mean."

"Hang her clothes. But, I tell you what, she's just about as interested in my pal Thompson ——"

"Oh, rubbish, dear! I know they were engaged once. But that's all over and done with. Besides, there was no talk of love. It was only a marriage of convenience."

"Bet you an even pony I'm right."

"Well, you can't prove it. And, anyway, a man more absurdly in love with his own wife than Mr. Thompson you couldn't find anywhere. What are you laughing at?"

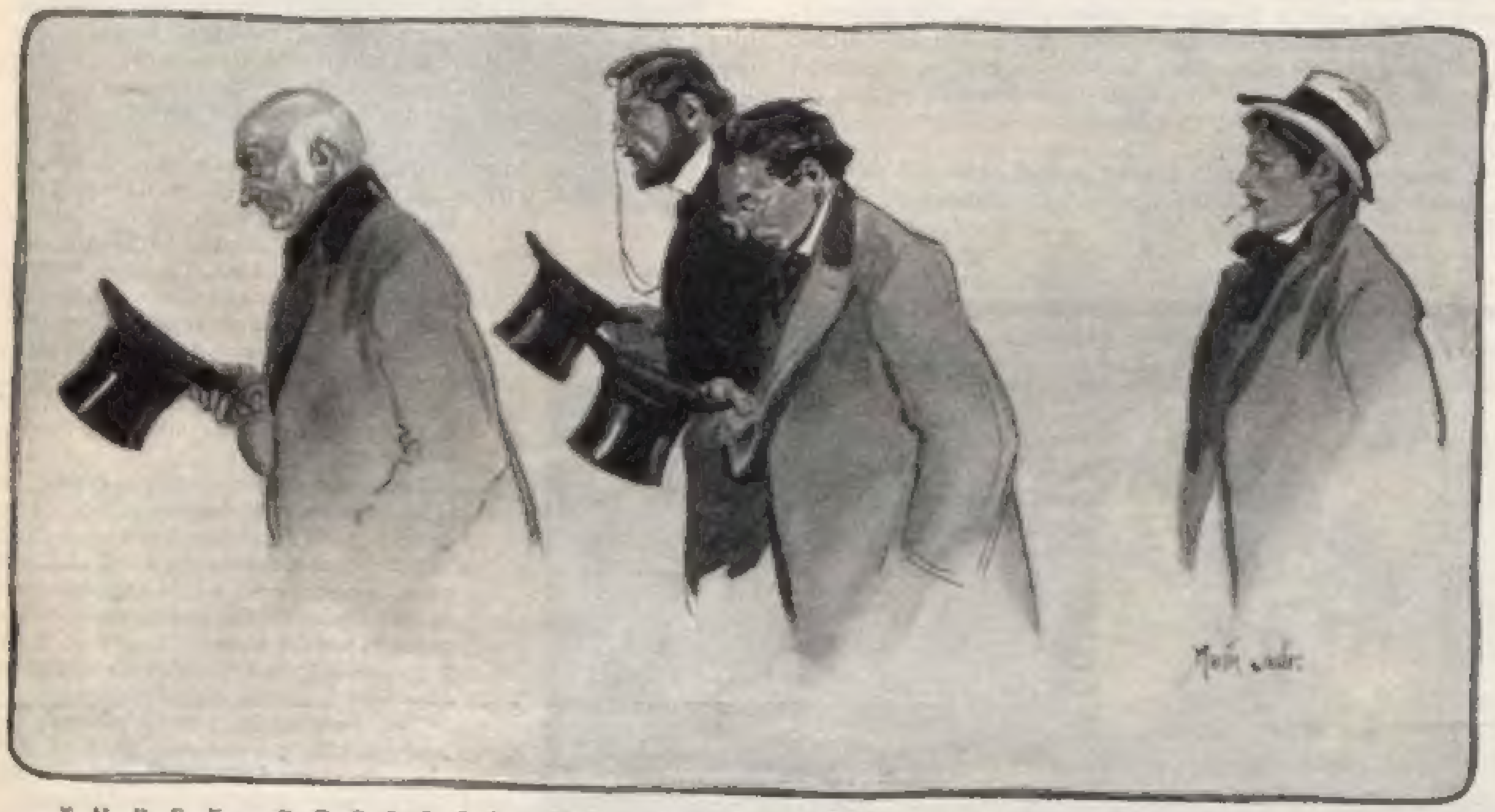
"Thompson. He was badly rattled. I lifted fifty sovereigns out of him at écarté just before I came up. Once he even forgot to mark the king. First time in my life I ever played cards with T. Thompson without paying for it. I say, though, they were interested in the mare at supper. I told them all about her chances for the National — Hullo, old girl, snoring already? Well, I suppose it's about time I snoozed off, too. One thing I'm glad of, though. I bet that beast Bertram keeps out of decent houses for the future. The dear Emily will keep treading on him out of memory for old Tommy. Lord! what a funny world it is."

A little later came the dawn, and with it Mr. T. Thompson arose, tubbed, dressed, and let himself very quietly out of the great sleeping house. He cleared the grounds with Clara at his heels, and once clear of earshot whistled jauntily to himself and to the morning birds. Six o'clock saw him down at the village inn. A minute past six he was sitting with Seed, and that ready writer was slashing down shorthand sentences in a notebook.

"The right idea's come at last," said Tom cheerfully. "I thought it all out, lock, stock and barrel, last night, between dinner and going to bed, and now we can act finally. I've reduced the thing to an absolute certainty. Begin now with this cable to Buenos Ayres. You must put it into code yourself afterward." . . .

THE LITERARY TRADE

Short-Story Writing as a Means of Livelihood



THREE RESPECTFUL AND SELF-RESPECTING MEN

IT WILL be hard for the beginner at short fiction writing to disabuse himself entirely of the suspicion that his rejected stories have not been read by the editor. Suspicion will become conviction if he applies one of the usual tests — the misplacing of the first page, the transposition of two pages in the middle of the story, or the intrusion between them of a small drop of mucilage, the disturbance of which arrangement might prove the editor's interest. But neither test — not even the first — is of value; for a busy editor, or editorial reader, may not look for a misplaced first page, and if he does, may not read to the gummed or transposed pages. The story should be neatly typewritten, and mailed in an envelope large enough to hold the sheets unfolded. This lightening of an editor's daily task of flattening out hundreds of creases is a favor which will affect him unconsciously. Postage and a self-addressed envelope should be inclosed for its return if found not available — not to hurry its return, but because this businesslike consideration of the editor's time and expense account is apt to bring to the story a quicker reading than to that of a more careless, though better known, contributor. And its prompt return by the next mail need not be disconcerting; for the rapidity with which a trained editor or staff reader can inspect and pass judgment upon a manuscript is surprising to one who has not seen him at work.

It was once given the writer to watch one of the most expert — if not *the* most expert — of rapid-fire editors in the country while he read a manuscript in a hurry. The hurry was the writer's, and the manuscript was about twenty pages of closely written matter of a technical nature, with long paragraphs and few periods, which, as a special favor, he had asked this expert to pass upon while he waited. It was soon done; the editor spent upon each page an average of two seconds, his right hand rising and falling as he laid aside the successive sheets with almost the regularity of a pendulum. Then he gave an exhaustive and comprehensive criticism of the article which proved that not a point, assertion or argument in the whole twenty pages had escaped his attention. He was a man who, in his thirty-five years of editing, and in his reading and declining of hundreds of thousands of stories and articles, had acquired the marvelous quickness of eye and brain which enabled him to grasp the meaning of a whole page by a dropping glance. To the average person, whose eye can see but a few words — or at most, a line, of printed matter at once — it would seem that thirty-five years is little enough time in which to perfect himself in this feat.

When a beginner at story writing finds inclosed with his rejected manuscript a personal letter from the editor he may count that as one point gained; should the letter contain a criticism of the story he may count another; and should the criticism come to him in a face to face interview, so much the better; he is acquainted with that editor.

The beginner must not only write good stories, but must be able to impress the editor with his individuality, even though the editor is busy and tired. Without this ability a beginner must be content for a long time to receive his stories back with the customary printed letter in which the editor regrets that they are found unavailable.

A Thousand Ways of Saying No

These printed letters of declination are curiosities, and if a writer cares to preserve them as they come he will in time have a valuable collection of literary gems which serve to show in how many different ways a declination may be worded. They are printed by the thousand, and one is slipped into each declined story written by an unknown writer before it is remailed to him. Each magazine has a different form, but all contain polite regret and some carry flattering praise of the rejected story; and nearly all extend the editor's hope and confidence that a future story by the author will be exactly what the editor wants. An author needs much time and fame before he will entirely escape the occasional receipt of these printed epistles, and when one comes after a few years of personal consideration from editors, it comes like a dash of cold water in the face.

The writer once made a call upon a friend who had made a fair reputation, and was earning a comfortably good income, from writing short stories of a masculine nature. He was essentially masculine himself, but from some hidden springs of feeling a short time before he had evolved a love story, which, not caring to show to any editor of his acquaintance, he had sent to the editor of a magazine for women. The story had just returned with the magazine's printed form of regret. This, as the writer entered his friend's room, lay opened on his desk, and he was glowering at it in profound disgust.

"Look at that!" he said explosively. "I've been a steamboat roustabout in my time, and I've been 'fore the mast, and I've worked on the corporation with an Irish boss, and I've been called all the choice names that a blackguard can think of, but here's the first time I've ever been called a woman. I'd like to have a talk with that editor."

The editor of that magazine, whose contributors as well as readers were mostly women, had expressed his sorrow in a marvelously correct and polished letter, beautifully printed; and he had begun it "Dear Madam."

A little later this man destroyed his little ebullition of tenderness. It ought never to have been written; for even though he had felt himself inspired in writing it, and had done his very best, yet his best was less than the worst of ten thousand others who could not paint as he could a riot, a boiler explosion, or a shipwreck. This lesson should be learned early in the literary game — to find the line of thought which, from temperament or experience, one is best fitted to draw upon for characters, scenes and incidents, and to work this line of thought until a foothold is gained. Only geniuses can afford to be versatile, and geniuses are best known and rewarded when dead. The above mentioned editor had built up a large and valuable property by declining just such love stories as this masculine writer had submitted, and had the writer indulged in the talk with him which he wished for, he would have run full tilt into the editorial pride, and have been worsted for his pains.

The Three Men with Silk Hats

The respect for his magazine which burns in the heart of a successful editor is something transcending love of home and country. It grows upon him with the growth of his circulation. An editor loves his magazine as a father does a son; it is his own creation and he speaks and writes of it in endearing abbreviation.

A friend of the writer tells how this editorial pride was first brought home to him by a rather amusing incident. He had sent a short story to one of the leading magazines, and inclosed postage for its return should it not be found available. But it was in his "'prentice" days, and he did not know that this periodical made it a rule to keep all manuscripts exactly one month, returning them on the same day of the following month as that on which they were received. So at the end of four weeks he resolved to call for a decision. As he entered the elevator of the office building three gentlemen in immaculate attire, who had no knowledge of him, but whom he knew as the Editor-in-Chief, the Associate and the Assistant Editor of the magazine, followed him in, and the four rode up together in silence. There being no ladies in the car no hats were removed; but on reaching the editorial floor the three preceded the author out of the car and to the door which opened into the large outer office of the magazine. As they passed in three glossy silk hats were removed and held at an angle, three heads were slightly inclined, and three respectful and self-respecting men tiptoed diagonally across the floor space, around a corner made by the end of a counter, on to another corner, and down a long hall to the sanctum, followed by an irreverent but somewhat subdued author with his hat on the back of his head. His business was with those men, and he wanted to talk with them, but did not. He was cut out of the parade by a frosty-hearted

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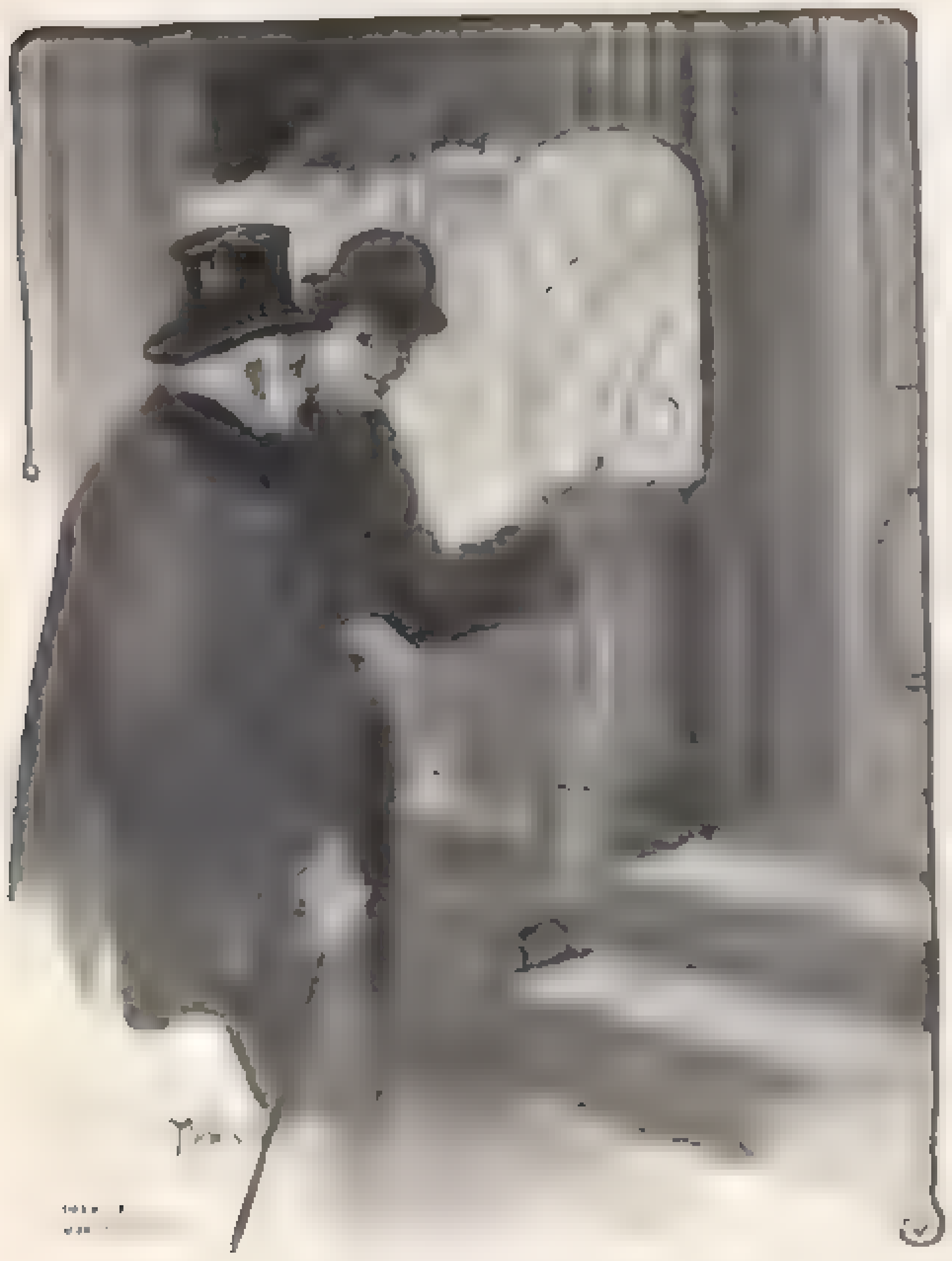
Editor's Note — This is the second of two papers on certain phases of the literary trade as seen by a writer who depends on it for a livelihood. These papers are a record of his personal experiences and views. The first paper appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of February 15.



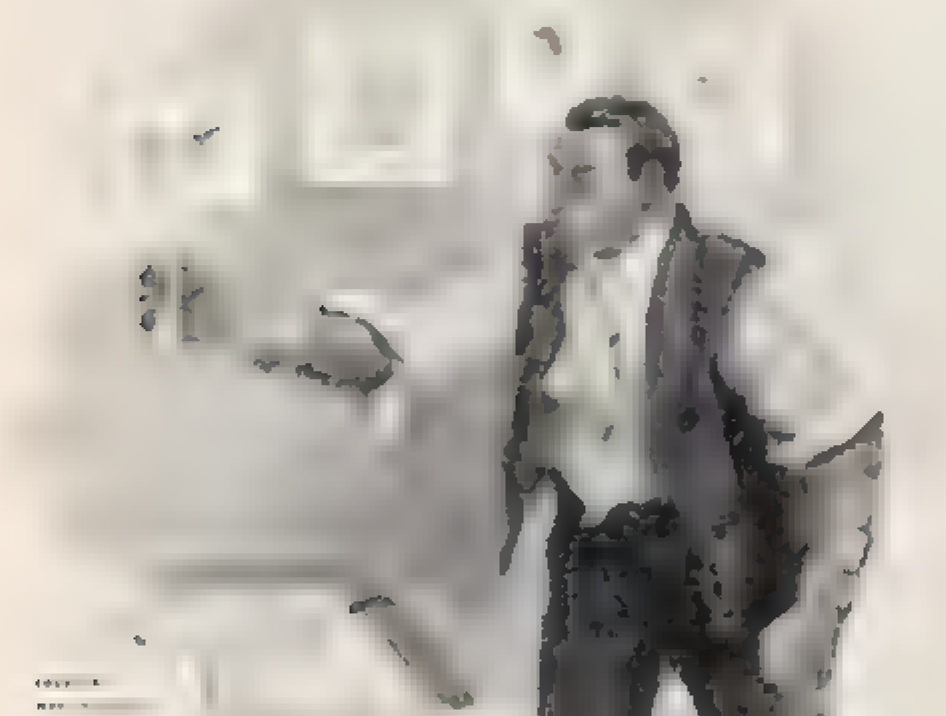
A LITTLE BUSINESSLIKE DICKERING

young lady, who, as the silent and reverent trio tiptoed into the sanctum sanctorum, asked his business and promised to attend to his case. Three days later—the month being up—she sent him his story

Later, the author became acquainted with these editors, and, though he avers that he found them three of the best fellows in the world, he can never bring himself to emulate their intense respect for that outer office. He invariably keeps his hat on his head until in the presence of that young lady

Connected with a magazine there is another personage besides the editor with whom an author must come into occasional contact, and whose respect for his work and himself far exceeds the pardonable pride of the editor. This is the cashier, a gentleman who, from his surroundings of account books, cash books, check books, ledgers, safes and other tangible accompaniments of wealth, seems to imbibe the notion that the money is his own; for when he pays an author or artist for work performed he looks through the little brass bars at his window—erected, presumably, to prevent the suppliant from reaching in for more money than is coming to him—with a benign expression of face which plainly says that he does the generous deed from the goodness of his heart

The cashier suggests a matter near to the heart of the literary beginner, and more interesting than his personality—the matter of prices. There is no fixed rule of values; the maximum price is as high as an editor will pay, the minimum as low as an author will accept. There are dark rumors current that in the case of certain publications dealing with society and its doings, there is yet another method of appraisement—a reversal of the usual order—whereby the story which is printed is the one whose author offers the best inducements to the editor, either in the shape of money down or a large order for numbers of the periodical containing the article to be scattered broadcast among friends of the author. But these authors and these editors are not in the literary game, and need not be considered.



THE EDITOR HAD EXPRESSED HIS SORROW IN A POLISHED APOLOGY THAT BEGAN "DEAR MADAM"

A beginner in story writing, whether he depends upon it for a living or not, will usually accept what the editor offers—which is wise on his part; for fully half his battle is won when his first story is printed. The next story he may bring straight to the fountainhead—the editor-in-chief—without submitting it to the sifting out process of professional readers, through which his first story emerged triumphant. And he may know that his first story will be examined in the sanctums of every competing magazine in the country by editors on the lookout for new names, which are cheap, and new work, which is often the freshest and strongest of a writer. If the story is exceptionally good he will receive letters (mailed in care of his first editor) requesting contributions to other magazines; if not, he must wait, knowing that his work is watched, and when good enough will be called for.

To return to prices. The value set by an editor on a story by an unknown author, *just good enough* to be printed and no more, depends altogether on the size of his heart. From inquiry, gossip, and his own personal experience the writer has estimated the dimensions of the editorial heart, expressed in terms of commerce, to be from one to five dollars per thousand words. Should the story be of better quality than the average, and the author wealthy enough to wait, he may, by hesitation and a little businesslike dickering, raise the price to an amount which the editor will pay rather than lose the story And if it is a tale—such as any beginner *may* write—so strong in plot, so artistic in construction, that the editor is convinced that his circulation will increase by his use of it, and the author is also convinced of this, the price paid may approach the prices paid the veteran writers of established reputation. But this last is rare; the beginner has few precedents by which he may judge of his work

Short-story writing in itself is a losing game. Perhaps there are not over ten writers of both sexes in the country who make their living from short stories alone. The rest—and there is a host—are employed at other work, writing their stories in spare time, or are possessed of independent means of support. A large majority give out after the first dozen or twenty stories. The first enthusiasm is gone; the strain on the inventive faculties is so severe, the range of ideas left unused so limited, that the stories produced are not strong and original, and the editors decline them. Then the writer, if poor, takes to other work; if independent, to another fad. There is something pathetic in the histories told by the bound magazines of ten or twenty years back. A name unknown will appear in the table of contents of one magazine for a certain month. It may be found in another of a date a month or two earlier or later. A search of the periodicals may show that name running along for a period of five years, seldom longer, and then they may be examined up to date and the name will not appear. Its owner was known to magazine readers of the time. But he, or she, gave out

A Harrowing Period for the Writer

More is required than the ability to write one, two, or a dozen short stories that are acceptable. Nearly every intelligent, thinking person of fair education has within himself the power to do this much. The enthusiasm aroused by the acceptance of the first story will hurry him to the second, and so to the next, and the next. A year or two may pass before the edge is dulled, the novelty gone, and the tired brain refuses to imagine. It is a harrowing time in the life of every writer ambitious to continue, and it must come to all; for the delicate, intangible attribute of mind called the imagination cannot be forced. It is a free horse, willing to run itself to death, but cannot be bidden to work; and all the effort of will of which an author is possessed only fatigues the brain the more.

The writer who holds on to what he has gained—who has staying power—is he who can supplement his lost enthusiasm and spontaneity with a mechanical rule of construction which will give him plot, characters and local color without the necessity of evolving them from his own inner consciousness or his drained experience. Give him these, and his jaded imagination will, sooner or later, respond to the call upon it, and the story will evolve. But even this workman finds need of occasional travel and change of scene to brighten up, to replenish his sensations, to get out of the rut and away from the influence of his written stories; for they *will* influence him. Every character he has created is a personal acquaintance, apt to intrude when not wanted. And he must not repeat himself. He competes, not only with the living and the dead, but with himself

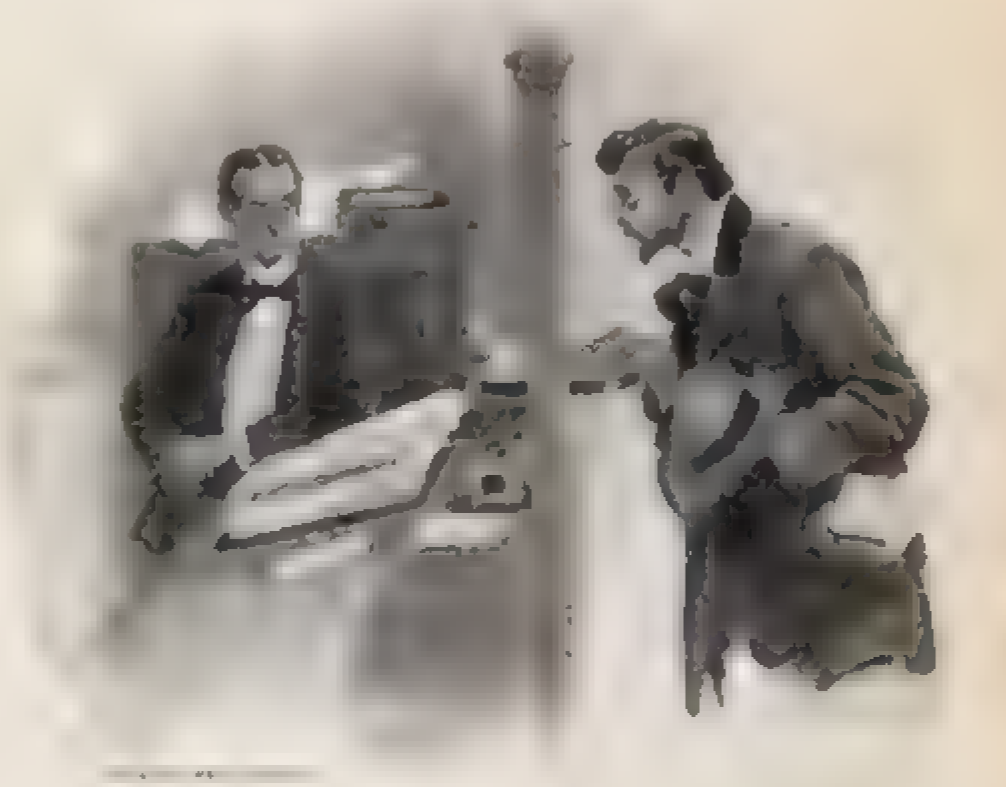
Given this staying power he may keep on turning out from eight to twelve—seldom more after the mechanical construction begins—short stories a year, and will, very early in the game, want them published in book form. The Copyright Law recognizes no such thing as book rights, but they are a tangible thing, nevertheless, respected by editors and magazine publishers as the property of the author. They are always surrendered on request, or if held in the case of one or two stories, it is when that owner of copyright happens to be also a book publisher, and demands first consideration of the stories for book form. But this does not happen very often book publishers are convinced of the fact that short-story books do not sell, except to the few admirers the author may have gained from his magazine work, and if they publish such a book it is generally upon the understanding that the author will later submit a novel.

No one seems to know why the public will not buy short-story books. One reason advanced is that they have all been read in the magazines, and none but admirers of the author, who wish to have them preserved between covers, will purchase. Another reason is that among indiscriminate readers—the largest class—the impression prevails that a short story represents the author's weaker effort—something dashed off of an evening to amuse himself, and that if they would have his best work they must read his novels. Still another good reason is that a book of short stories is made up of so many divided situations that no sooner is the attention and interest of the reader aroused than it is dashed by the close of the tale. Every habitual reader knows the repugnance which is felt at beginning a new tale as soon as one which strongly stirred him is finished. Rather would he turn back the leaves and read again the interesting story. But as one story is not long enough, or comprehensive enough, to become a part of the reader's life, as may a lengthy novel, and as the interest of each newly-read tale chills the interest of the last, the book is finished with a sense of disappointment, and the reader fails to praise it—which is the only form of advertising that is of real value.

The Short Story a Novel in Miniature

A book of short stories, published and given a fair chance by the publisher, will bring in royalties to the author about equal to what, at the time, he could expect from a magazine for one short story. But the book may be reviewed by the critics, and as the readers of reviews are a magazine-reading class, it will amount to just so much advertising for him. Letters to editors asking for his work will boom his stock and raise his prices for new work; but he must not be deceived by the reception of his book—no matter how favorable—by the critics; for they represent a certain level of intelligence, and it is far beneath this level that is found the broad strata of book buyers

A well-written short story—one that will last—is really the synopsis of a novel. And a writer capable of producing it may, with more time and effort, expand it to seventy thousand words, and stand some chance of getting returns. To this class, who have time and effort to spare, the advice is given to let short stories alone. Each is a drain on material that can be used to better advantage, and a competing factor in a fight which others are waging for bread.



THE CASHIER

And to the class of fighters who have not the time nor effort to spare for novel writing—this greeting of fellowship. You are builders and have built. You will never be rich, but you hold the respect of your fellow-men, your friends are worth having, and your editors love you. You bow to no master save stern necessity, from whom you may draw inspiration at the last gasp. Heavy are your chains and rusty, and with each story expended is added a link, and harshly they clank as you fight your battle with Fate; but you will drag them blithely as you fight, until the inevitable end when Fate closes down upon you—when, imagination dead, impressionability gone from you, and your gray matter reduced to the smallest quantity compatible with original thought, you sink down, give up the fight, and go to work.

The Hottest Spot on Earth

TWO hundred miles south of Death Valley, in almost a straight line, is the famous Colorado Desert, which, if possible, is even more horrible than Death Valley itself, although, of course, this includes but a small portion of the area of the State which, as a whole, is one of the most fertile in the Union. It covers 9000 square miles, and in some parts its bottom is 230 feet below tide-water.

Reliable authorities assert that it is the most intensely hot spot on the face of the earth; the Sahara is nowhere compared with it. Its surface may fairly be said to be strewn with the bones of human beings who have lost their lives there.

One might call this the ideal desert of the world; in no other of the earth's most fearful wastes can be found such natural conditions of horror. Even the mirage, tempter of the dying traveler's despair, reaches a more extraordinary development there than anywhere else. On any fine day—and in that region all days are fine, because there is no rain—one may behold in the Colorado Desert, where all is hopeless misery around, beautiful lakes, tempting verdure, and even towns within distances comparatively small.

The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop

By HAMLIN GARLAND

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Author of The Eagle's Heart

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TWENTY-EIGHTH CHAPTER

AS HE stood on the steps of the hotel a bitter rage swept over the young soldier. "What can I do against this implacable town? Oh, for a squad of the boys in blue!"

On every side men and boys were running as to a fire—sweeping from left to right, laughing, jesting. Along the hitching-poles excited and jocular cowboys were loosing their ponies and leaping to their saddles. Some excitable man had begun to ring the fire bell, and women, bareheaded and white with fear, were lining the walks, leaning from windows and balconies

"Oh, sir!" cried one young mother as she caught sight of Curtis, "are the Indians coming?"

"No," he replied bitterly, "these marauders are not Indians." And he set off at a run toward the corral in which his men were camped. All was quiet in that direction. The tumult behind him grew fainter, and at last ceased and he fell into a walk.

Ladue's was an old ranch on the river, round which the town of Piñon had slowly grown. The house was of stone, low and strong, and two sides of it formed the corner of a low corral of cottonwood logs. In this corral teamsters (for "two bits") were allowed to camp and to feed their horses. A rickety gate some fifty feet south of the house stood ajar and Curtis entered the yard, calling sharply for Crow Wing and Two Horns. No one replied. Searching the stalls he found the blankets where his people had lain—but the tumult had called them forth into danger.

He hurried to the house and knocked vigorously at the door—to no effect. Every room was empty. The young officer, now thoroughly alarmed, set off on a run back toward the hotel. A vast confused clamor, growing each moment nearer, added to his apprehension. Upon reaching the corner of the square he turned to the left with the design of encircling it—hoping to find the two red men looking on from a safe distance.

He had crossed but one side of the plaza when a band of cowboys dashed into it from the opposite corner with swinging lariats, whooping shrilly, in close pursuit of a flying figure on foot. A moment later the fugitive fell and the horsemen closed round him in joyous clamor like a pack of wolves closing in on a deer.

Curtis raised a great shout, but his voice was lost in the rush and roar of the throng pouring in after the horsemen. In fierce rage he rushed straight toward the whirling mass. Before he had passed half the intervening space the popping of a revolver, swift, yet in a way deliberate, began. The laughter ceased, the crowd scattered—other revolvers began to crack—and as the press of horsemen reeled back, Curtis caught sight of Calvin Streeter, dismounted, with his back against the little wooden bandstand, bareheaded, defiant, a revolver in each hand, holding the mob at bay.

A lane seemed to open for Curtis as he ran swiftly in toward the writhing, ensnared captive on the ground. It was Two Horns, struggling with the ropes which bound him. Even as his Little Father looked down at him the big Tetong freed himself and with a sliding rush entered the shadow by Calvin's side. Instantly his revolver began to speak and the circle of Calvin's assailants widened

Curtis leaped into the full light of the lamp on the pavilion and raised his voice in command. "*Hold!* Cease firing!" The crowd recognized him and fell silent. The army blue, his voice of authority, subdued them, and those who had done the shooting slipped away down the side streets.

For a moment the young soldier could not speak, so furious was he. At last he shouted: "Cowards! Is this your way of fighting—a hundred to one?" And turning to Calvin, who still leaned against the pavilion, he asked: "Are you hurt?"

Calvin lifted a dripping hand. "I reckon I'm punched a few. This arm feels numb—and the blood is fillin' my left boot. But I'm all here—sure thing." But even as he spoke he reeled. Curtis, with a swift leap, caught him—held him from falling Calvin smiled and said: "That left leg o' mine feels like a hitchin'-post. Reckon some one must 'a' clipped a nerve."

Two Horns seized him by the other arm just as Winters blustered into the circle. "What's going on here? Who's doin' this shootin'?"

Calvin struggled to get his right hand free. "Let me have a crack at the beast!" he pleaded. Then shouting at Winters he called out:

"I saw you—you were in the lynching crowd—you sneak! You hung round in the shadow like a coyote, but I spotted you!"

Curtis tried to calm him. "Come—this won't do—you are losing blood. You must have a doctor—come to the hotel."

As they half carried him away the young rancher snarled back like a wounded wolf: "I disown the whole cowardly pack of ye. I'll put my mark on some more of ye for this night's work."

The crowd was now so completely with Calvin that Winters hastened to explain: "Cal is my deputy—he was acting inside his duty!" And the Sheriff proceeded to arrest some fairly innocent bystanders while the wounded desperadoes were being hidden away by their friends.

Calvin continued to talk as they hurried him through the excited throng. "I tried to stand 'em off at the jail," he said, "but I couldn't get near enough—Oh, you was there!" he called to a tall man with a new sombrero. "I saw you, Bill Yawney—and I'll get you for it." He was enraged through every fibre of his brain—and only the iron grip of the strong, persistent men on either side of him kept him from doing battle with a half-dozen men he met

As they neared the hotel Curtis, looking up, saw Elsie's white face at the window. He waved his hand to her and she clapped her hands like a joyous child. The hotel lobby was packed with a silent mass of men, but the landlord, with authoritative voice, called out, "Clear the way, gentlemen!" and a lane opened for Curtis and his men. "Right in here, Captain," he added, and led the way to the parlor bedroom Calvin had become a most distinguished citizen, worthy the best room in the house

"Bring a physician," called Curtis

"Right here," replied a cool, clear voice, and Doctor Philips stepped to Calvin's side and relieved Two Horns.

The young rancher sank on the bed limply, but he smiled "I'm only singed a little, Doc. They had me foul. You see, I was in the light and on the ground—but I reckon I clipped away a little hide here and there."

The physician pressed him back upon the bed and began to strip his clothes from him. "Be quiet for five minutes and I'll have you in shape."

Curtis, relieved of part of his anxiety, then asked "How is the Senator?"

"Pretty comfortable—no danger."

"Don't leave me, Major," called Calvin as Curtis turned away to join Elsie. "Don't let this chap cut me up. I don't want to be no cork-leg freak. I want to ride a horse again."

There was genuine pleading in the boy's voice and Curtis came back and took a chair near him while the Doctor probed the wounds and dressed them. The officer's heart was very tender toward the reckless, warm-hearted young cowboy as he watched his face whiten and the lips stiffen in the effort to conceal his pain. "Calvin has been loyal all through," he thought.

At last when the wounds were bandaged and the boy's fear of mutilation was past, Curtis turned to Two Horns and signed

"Where are Crow and the wife of Cut-Finger?"

"I do not know"

"I will go find him—you remain here. Do not fear, you are safe now. Sit down by Calvin's bed. You will sleep here."

As he made his way through the close-packed throng in the lobby and before the hotel, Curtis met no hostile face. It seemed that all men had suddenly become his friends, but he put their proffered hands aside and hurried back to Ladue's, which he found close-barred and dark

"Who's there?" called a shaking voice as he again knocked at the door.

"Captain Curtis Where is Crow?"

"In here!" was the answer in joyful voice. As he opened the door Ladue reached his hand to the Agent. "I'm mighty glad it's you."

Crow, with his revolver still gripped in his hand, stepped forward, his face quivering with emotion "Little Father, it is good to see you! You are not hurt? Where is Two Horns?"

"Safe in the big house with me The bad white men are gone—you will stay here—you and the wife of Cut Finger," he signed as he recognized the cowering form of the little widow in the corner

Ladue, a big, hulking, pockmarked half-breed, began to grin. "I was a scared—I sure was I thought we was all going to be wiped out."

"The worst is over," replied Curtis. "You are safe now."

As Curtis again made his way through the crowd some one called out, "Three cheers for Major Curtis!" And he was surprised to hear it taken up by a hundred voices. Indignant citizens shouted: "We'll stand by you, Major! We'll see justice done!"

Curtis, as he reached the stairway turned and coldly said: "Make your words good. For four days a mob of two hundred armed men have menaced the lives of my employees and my wards and you did nothing. I am glad to see you appreciate the horror and the disgrace of this night's doings. If you mean what you say let no guilty man escape. Make this night the memorable end of lawlessness in your country!"

"We will!" roared a big, broad-faced, black-hearted man, and the crowd broke into a cheer of approval.

Elsie was waiting at the top of the stairs, tense and white. Her eyes burned down into his with a singular flame

"Why do you walk so slow? Are you hurt? Tell me the truth!"

"No—only tired," he replied as he stood beside her.

She reeled back. "You are—you are covered with blood!"

"It is poor Calvin's—he was badly wounded."

"But I saw you in the pistol-fire—take off your coat!"

He took off his coat in a daze and she cried out triumphantly: "See—I was right; your shirt is all bloody!"

"True enough!" said he, looking in surprise at a big stain on his shoulder. "I've been 'singed,' as Calvin calls it."

A sudden faintness seized upon Elsie as she gazed fixedly upon the telltale stain. "Suppose you had been killed!" she whispered.

In that shuddering—in that whisper—was the expression of the girl's final self-surrender, and Curtis did not question, did not speak. He took her in his arms.

"My sweetheart, you *do* love me! Let us doubt no more—it is our fate—God intended us to be man and wife"

She suddenly started away. "Oh, your wound! Where is the doctor—go to him."

With shining face he faced her. "I have no need of him—*you* have cured me of all my hurts."

It was hard to realize in the peaceful light of the morning that the night had been one of blood and riot. Curtis was early astir, though he had been up with Elsie and Lawson till long after midnight. Crow Wing and Two Horns, who would sleep nowhere but on the floor of his room, were conversing in signs in order not to wake "the Little Father," when Curtis shook his hand at them, asking:

"Did you sleep?"

"No, I did not," answered Crow. "I am too far from the ground. I have never slept so high in the air as this before."

"How was it with you, Two Horns?"

"I slept; I am getting ready to sleep in the upstairs room of the ranch house on the Willow."

Curtis laughed. "Good for you—now all is well. Go get the horses and bring them—we must return."

Calvin looked up as Curtis entered his room. "Hello, Major; I've had a bad dream I dreamt there was some gun-play goin' on and I was in it"

"How do you feel? Can you travel? If you can I'll take you home"

"I can travel all right, but I can't go home—the old man and I don't hitch any more."

"Well, go home with me then Jennie will soon have you all right again."

A curious dimness came into the bold, keen eyes of the wounded youth. "Major, that'll suit me better than anything else I know"

The parting with his best-beloved was now upon the soldier, for his duty called him back to the Agency, and the Doctor advised the removal of Brisbane to Alta.

"It is hard to lose you now—just when I have found you, dear girl," he said as he and Elsie sat at breakfast; "but it must be so."

She was a being transformed; so tender, so strangely sweet and wistful and womanly. "It is your duty to go—and yet—I need you so!"

"It will not be for long As soon as this tumult subsides I will come for you"

"Don't be rash—will you? Don't go into danger—for my sake!" Her lips quivered into a wan little smile "You are *my* soldier now—will you promise?"

"I promise!" he said gravely, and something in the clear light of his eyes exalted her

She was at the window as he helped Calvin into the buckboard and took his seat beside him. He lifted his hat and bravely called, "*Auf wiedersehen!*" but in his heart was the same old hunger—intensified, intolerable—but with an enduring hope to feed upon

TWENTY-NINTH CHAPTER

IF THE Tetongs did not fully apprehend the peace and comfort which the passage of the purchase bill undoubtedly assured to them, they fully understood the significance of the withdrawal of the settlers. They rejoiced in full-toned song as their implacable and sleepless enemies drove their heavily laden wagons across the line, leaving their farms, their sheds and their houses to the Government for the use of the needy tribe

Every man, woman and child did as Curtis commanded They laid hands to the duties appointed them, and did so merrily. Each family moved at once to the places designated. A mighty shifting of dwellings took place, first of all, then they set to work. They built new fences, they dug ditches, they plowed and they planted, cheery as robins. Even the gaunt old women lifted their morose faces to the sun and muttered unaccustomed prayers. The old men no longer sat in complaining council, but talked of the wonderful things being done.

"Ho, have you heard? Grayman lives in the house the gray-beard white man left; the Elk too! Two Horns sleeps in the sheepman's house over Grayman's head. Ah! Is it not strange?"

The more thoughtful of the Indians looked forward, in imagination, to the time when the Reservation, completely fenced, should swarm with cattle, as in the olden time it swarmed with the black buffalo. They helped at the gardens, these old men, and as they rested on their hoes and listened to the laughter of the women and children, they spoke one to the other saying: "Our camp is as it was in the days when game was plenty. Every one is now smiling"

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of December 14, 1901.

As the seed-time came on the schools closed by order of the Agent. "It is more needful at this time that the children should learn to plant than to write," said he "There will be time to study while the crops are growing." And the little ones went forth upon the land and added their birdlike chatter to the chorus, even if they were not of the highest use otherwise. Side by side with their elders they took their first lesson in the art of making a living in the new way.

There was commotion in every corral also, and long-haired youths in leggins, and with feathered ornaments in their hats, were awkwardly breaking fiery ponies to drive, for teams were in sharp demand. The young men who formerly raced horses for lack of other things to do, and in order not to die of inertness, now became the hilarious teamsters of the band. Every man, white or red, who could give instruction in ditching and planting, was employed each hour of the day The various camps were busy as ant-hills and as full of cheer as a flock of magpies. The days were too short for the work which needed doing

Curtis was everywhere, superintending the moving of barns, the building of cabins, and the laying-out of lands Each night he returned to his bed so tired he could not lie flat enough, but happy in the knowledge that some needed and permanent improvement had that day been made Lawson, faithful to his post, came on from Washington, and was a comfort in ways less material than wielding a hoe (though he was also of practical value), for he went about encouraging the people at their work, and his words had the quality of a poem

"You see how it is!" he said. "You need not despair. It is not true that the red men are to vanish from the earth. They are now to be happy and have plenty of food. The good white people of the East have at last found out the way to help you They have sent a wise man to teach you and now you may hope. Plant the seeds, plant them with song, for your dark days are over. The cattlemen will vex you no more

Maynard got an occasional leave of absence and came over to see "the hustle," as he called it, and to visit Jennie, who still refused to leave her post—though she had practically consented to his proposal. "We will see," she said. "If George marries, then I shall feel free to go to you—but not now. There is too much to do just now

Maynard expressed the same astonishment as ever. "A man may fight a people for a lifetime and never really know 'em. Now I consider it marvelous the way these fellows work. It's only a spurt —

"Don't croak!" said Jennie. "Give them credit for what they are doing. If they get a return for their pains they'll work. You can't expect anybody to work when nothing comes of it."

And so as he toiled Curtis shortened the days of the long weeks which lay between the seed time and the harvest when Elsie had promised to come into his life

But between the planting and the reaping lay the sun smit summer-time and a battle with the weeds! It was a period demanding patience and understanding in the Agent, for as the first flush of enthusiasm over the sowing died away, apathy and indifference sprang up among the Tetongs as naturally as weeds come into the grain. These child-like souls said: "Behold, we have done our part; now let Mother Earth and the Father Sun bring the harvest. We cannot ripen the grain; we can only wait. Besides, we are weary."

To them the harvest should follow seeding without further effort. They were like boys who are weary of waiting for the trees to grow. The seed and the apple were too far apart. Curtis, understanding this lack of training in their past lives, did not allow himself to express the impatience he sometimes felt. He told them that the new life they were to lead involved constant care "But care will bring a reward," he said. "In the old days, when you hunted, these things were not so." He made examples of men like Two Horns and Crane's Voice, who kept their gardens clean of all noxious plants

He organized war parties. "To-day," he said, "the warriors of Elk will go forth with me against these evil ones, the weeds. Each man will be armed with a bright hoe. Elk, old as he is, will lead, and I will go by his side. We will work busily till the sun has climbed half way to his hill—then we will smoke

His knowledge of their needs, their habits, their modes of thinking, made all that he did successful. He allowed the women to bring cool drinks, flavored with herbs, and to build little bowers to shade their sons and husbands from the fierce sun while they rested.

He wrote to Elsie

"It really is great sport. I give every Saturday to this work myself and so keep every garden in order. A good crop will make every one happy—and none more so than I, sweetest, for I am as impatient of the slow-growing plants as these red children, only my training enables me to seem content with each day's progress.'

A few weeks later he wrote exultantly:

"The potatoes are in bloom, the wheat is waving in the wind like a green sea. The time has come. I am waiting."

To this she replied:

"Papa's mind turns to the mountains these hot days and so we are coming—also my heart yearns for a certain soldier in the West—a commander of shining hoes and destructive red plowmen."

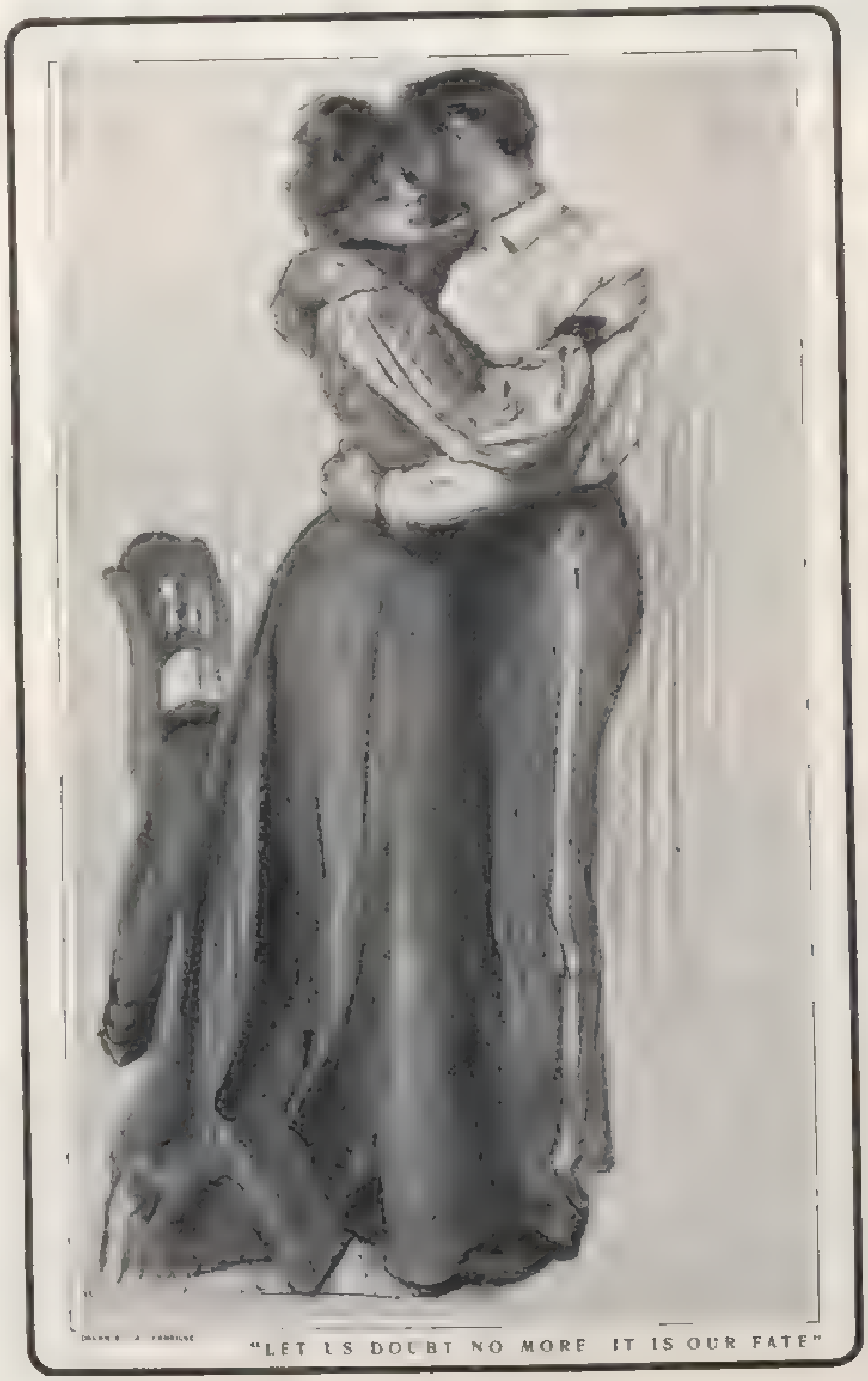
This was the first frank, written admission of her tenderness for him, and after reading it he went about foolishly happy Her words made him tireless and of Joblike patience

He wrote in reply

"You need not wait till the harvest is ended. Come and watch the grain ripen, in order that you may be garmented duly and ready for the feast"

To this she replied:

"Your expressed reasons are not overwhelming, but as the heat is increasing here we shall leave soon. We shall reach Piñon City in about ten days. Father is quite well, but restless. I am well, but troubled for other reasons. I don't see that the problem of our lives is any nearer solution than it was before; do you?"



"LET US DOUBT NO MORE IT IS OUR FATE"

Curtis wrote with new confidence.

"There are no problems now that you are coming," he answered.

The next day after Elsie's last letter Curtis rose early and rode over to the first camp. He called the people round him and said

"We hold our festival to give thanks for the good things the earth has given to us, and after we have counciled together we will feast and have a dance. Let everything be in order. Come in your finest dress. Let every garment of each dancer be as it was of old. Let the young girls be very beautiful in whitened buckskin and beads. I do not hate your old-time dress—I like it I do not ask you to forget the old time. It is past and it will not return; but it is sweet to you"

THIRTIETH CHAPTER

THE hay harvest was still going on as Curtis and Jennie and Lawson drove down the valley to meet Elsie and her father at Piñon City. Elsie had written

"Father is much changed. You will hardly know him now. He has forgotten all about his campaign, and remembers you only momentarily, so that you need not feel any resentment. He will meet you as if he had never seen you before. Please do not show any surprise—no matter what he says. He will not go to the Agency—his secretary will go with him to Alta."

Curtis expected to find the sick man a poor shambling wreck, morose and sorrowful to look upon, and his ast ment was profound as Brisbane descended from the t Exteriorly he seemed as well as when Curtis first met h

As she put up her lips to be kissed, Elsie's eyes were with tears. "Be good to him," she whispered. She to Jennie as if for relief from her emotion, and when turned her father was shaking hands urbanely with Curt

"Glad to meet you, sir," he said suavely. "But I d catch the name

A spasm of pain crossed Elsie's face "This is Cap Curtis, papa. Don't you remember?"

"Ah—yes, so it is. So it is. I th you spoke of him."

To meet this placid politeness in a man who, had his mind been intact, would have refused to shake hands with him, was deeply moving to Curtis. In all outward appearances the great politician was sane and vigorous, and on all matters concerning his first campaign and first term, and especially about the experiences of his early life, he spoke with freedom, even with humor—but every event of his later campaign had passed from his brain like smoke. That he had been defeated and humbled he had never realized

"The fact is—my memory has grown very bad," he explained with a faint sigh. "I can remember faces in a dim way, but anything that is said to me I forget instantly. A fit of sickness last year affected my memory."

For a time the thought of her father's mental distress threw a gloom over Elsie, but she said "What is the use? He is an old man—his life is nearly lived. We can do him no good by being sorrowful in his presence. I have therefore determined to be as happy as I can."

Brisbane parted with his daugh morning quite matter-of-factly, urbanity remained unbroken as he sh hands with Curtis. "Pleased to met you, sir," he said, and in spi her resolution the tears filled E eyes. She would have felt a pang to see him refuse to shake her lover's hand—and yet—this smiling forgetfulness of old feuds was more than painful; it was tragic

As they rode homeward, Curtis and Elsie took the forward seat as before, and he detailed what had taken place at the Agency, and she listened, genuinely absorbed. She laughed and she wept a little as his story touched on the pathetic incidents of the year.

"Do you feel that you have made your demonstration?" she asked.

"Not entirely; I need another year," he answered, and his eyes were a challenge. "What I have done is written in lines of gold and green on the earth."

She looked at him quizzically. "You are developing new and singular powers."

"I have a new and singular teacher."

"New?" she queried

New to me," he answered, and in such enigmatic way they expressed the emotion born of their new relation while Lawson and Jennie chatted gayly and in clear prose behind

At the half-way house she shuddered and made a mouth of disgust. "Let's hurry past here—I have a bad heart when I think of these horrible men"

"They are thinning out," he said "and this ranch has 'changed hands' as they say on restaurant signs in Chicago

As they alighted at the door of "the parsonage" Jennie remained to gather up her bundles while Curtis and Elsie entered the library together.

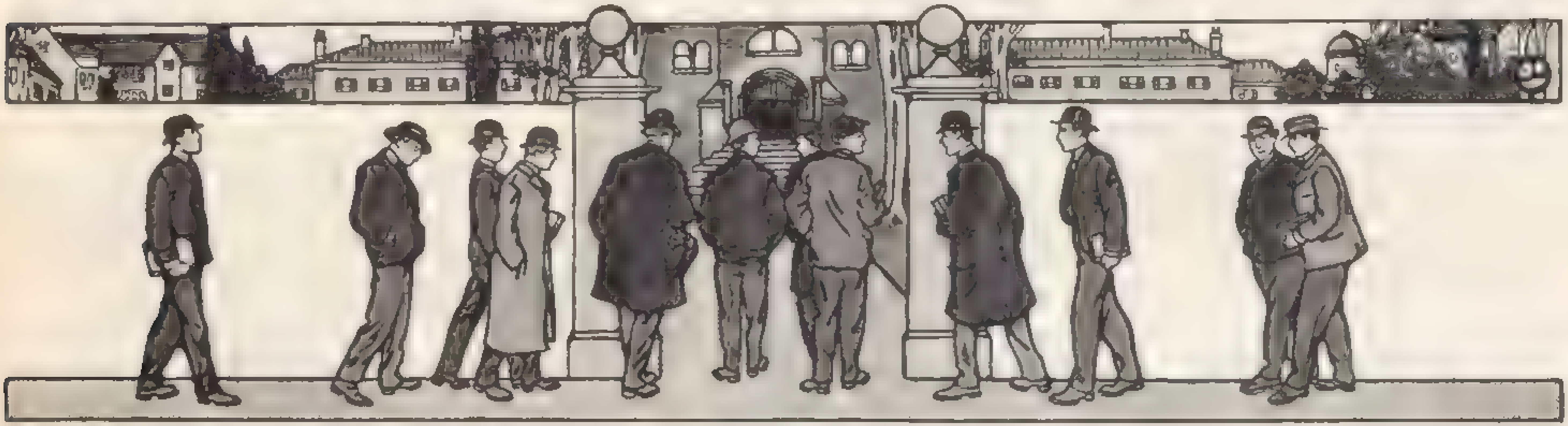
He had waited eagerly for this moment and now turned and took her in his arms. "I need you, sweetest! I'll never let you go again

This was her moment to protest, but she was silent with her face against his shoulder.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Editor's Note—The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, which will be concluded next week, will be followed by a two-part tale by Molly Elliot Seawell. The next serial story to appear in the magazine is by Stewart Edward White, and is entitled The Land of Crimson Shadow. It is a charming romance of life among the trappers of the northwest.

The Home College Course



Literature and Its Uses—By ARLO BATES

Professor of English Literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology

ARLO BATES

LITERATURE is a word which has been so greatly abused that the student may be forgiven if he often finds himself in doubt as to its real meaning. In the days when advertisements in every street car announce as the finest triumphs of literature books with lurid titles which take the place of other books now passed on to the second hand shops, although a month or two ago vaunted with equal laudation, when publishers are shrilly proclaiming from the housetops that they are discovering fresh and unrivaled writers of genius almost daily, no wonder that the reader often finds himself all but hopelessly perplexed. He has been taught that Shakespeare and Milton, Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Hardy have produced literature; that Tupper and Ouida, and the hundreds of briefly popular writers have succeeded only in rufacturing something which for the moment appeals to the [illegible]; but wherein lies the difference he is not clear. Literature is a word to conjure with, but it is full of mystery.

The principles of æsthetics which have to do with any art are not to be completely mastered in a lifetime, and what the student requires is a practical working hypothesis of which he may avail himself in his immediate studies. He cannot at the outset encumber himself with too many particulars, even if he were capable of grasping the more subtle distinctions which must be considered in the doubtful regions where are found books bad though almost good and books good but almost bad. He will, if he is earnest and wise, content himself with giving his chief attention to those works about the worth of which there is no possible question, leaving such as are of debatable merit to be taken up later, if at all. Certain fundamental characteristics he will find so marked in all these unimpeachable writings as to be entirely sufficient to furnish a sound working-rule. He will surely be safe in his choice of literature if he require that every work to which he gives serious attention shall be the truthful and sane embodiment of the emotions and the aspirations of humanity.

Real literature, for instance, must do more than merely amuse. Genuine art may be amusing enough, as witness the comedies of Shakespeare, or, to come nearer to our own time, the plays of Sheridan, the essays of Lamb, the novels of Scott, Thackeray, and Dickens. Books not without wit, on the other hand, may be essentially vulgar and unworthy. Books intensely interesting or exciting, like much flashily ephemeral fiction, may do no more than to entertain by the swiftness and ingenuity of the narrative; but in true literature fun and interest are underlaid by insight into life, by a conception often unobtrusive but no less actual, of the seriousness and nobility of life. Literature must present more than the surface of things. Minute studies of customs, dialects, or small details may be of value as historical documents; but they cannot take rank as permanent literature unless these things are made to show human emotion, to inspire in the reader a higher view of the possibilities of existence.

Two Classes of Powerful Novels

This embodiment of the aspirations of mankind makes possible the treatment in literature of the saddest themes, the most tragic facts of life. The Scarlet Letter, the Tale of Two Cities, not to mention the great tragedies of Greek or of Elizabethan poets, are full of the pain of life, but in each the dominant note is the nobility of human possibilities of emotion. Each leaves the reader inspired instead of depressed; sad, indeed, but thrilling with pity which is enthusiasm, and with sympathy which is an aspiration. The sordid, the depressing, the vulgar, the novel which attacks the nerves—the Kreutzer Sonata, La Terre, the whole body of nerve-scraping fiction which has been produced within the past decade—may be powerful, but it is not good art because it is not sane; it does not uplift, it does not help to higher ideals. Tragic a book may be, and tragic are some of the noblest works in the whole range of literature; but a book fails of the first rank and ceases to be a help to mankind if it is pessimistic.

The most efficient help is hardly to be got from the books of to-day. I do not wish to seem to be trying to sweep aside all that is being written in this really wonderful time, but so far as I am aware all critics are agreed that the present is producing comparatively little in either poetry or prose which is likely to live long or to be ranked high by coming generations. It is, moreover, much more difficult to know the good from the bad in what is new. A man must, of course, be in touch with his own age, but so insistent is the present, so innumerable are the ways in which current books and periodicals are forced upon the attention, that there is little danger of any reader's failing to know what is going on in the intellectual world to-day.

Certainly for development and mental training it is wise to depend upon writings which belong to a more imaginative time and which have been tested and approved by experience and criticism.

Practical Advantages of Literary Knowledge

The substance of books is not the only point which must be considered in determining their value as a means of mental training; it is necessary also to have regard to their form. Superficial students commonly make the mistake of assuming that the value of a book is determined by its subject matter. They ignore the fact that with literature as with people personality has influence, even on natures callous and insensitive. Books have individuality no less truly than men. They as surely affect the reader by their atmosphere, their tone, their personality, as by their direct and more obvious contents. A man can no more associate with poor books without mental and moral degradation than he can without deterioration consort with vulgar and low minded companions.

The question what should be the qualities of literature is closely connected with the other, what the student is to gain from careful and systematic reading. The results desired will indicate the nature of work which will best produce them. That character is the great object of all intellectual training is a proposition so evident as hardly to need to be stated; and almost equally evident is the fact that what is to be sought from literature is the development of the capabilities of mental perception and of emotion. The student of art is not endeavoring to accumulate information, valuable as that is in its place and way; he is striving to make the most out of his individual possibilities of appreciating and enjoying life.

Taken first on its more material side—which in this age is with most persons the more obvious consideration—familiarity with the best, the most imaginative literature, is to-day almost a necessity in any training, even the most technical, which aims at the highest success. The pressure and competition of modern life have altered the conditions under which the work of the world is done; the lower and even the middle grades of intellectual and technical workers are becoming more and more overcrowded. Character and breadth of mental reach become steadily of greater practical importance. The practical man who is to win his way to the head of a profession or of a trade, holding his own against his many rivals, must to-day possess flexibility, adaptability, and breadth of character. He must be quick to appreciate values and shrewd in estimating human nature.

Exclusive attention to any line of effort has a tendency to make the mind rigid and inflexible, and the man who has not cultivated mental responsiveness is hardly likely to be equal to the emergencies which constantly arise in actual life, and which demand mental deftness and swiftness to devise expedients to meet them. All sorts of human wisdom may serve for this mental training, but for enlarging the mental view, for awakening responsiveness of mind, for nourishing that imagination which is the creative force in practical affairs as in all other human work, no other training can rival the sympathetic study of literature.

The mental life of a man of practical affairs is likely to be limited. The necessities of his business or his profession cut him off from large or varied experiences, and if he is to possess mental flexibility he must attain it through the help of reading. At first thought it might not seem that a man would make a better mechanic if he were familiar with Shakespeare or better manage a leather business for a familiarity with Tennyson; the world in general would not think of including Milton and Hawthorne as studies essential to the training of a mechanical engineer, nor would it understand that poetry is fairly part of the technical education of a chemist. Yet more and more clearly are educators coming to realize this, practical men to appreciate it, and technical schools to recognize it in their courses of study. The market for men who are mere technical machines, mere narrow specialists, is glutted, and to-day the call is for men who, without ceasing to be practical and level-headed, have yet the breadth and the power which come from the best all-round mental training.

What is true of obviously practical education is true in a yet greater degree of the more strictly intellectual and emotional side of life. No student can appreciatively read good literature without coming more or less consciously to distinguish with more clearness between accidental and essential value. To take the most obvious illustration, he cannot fail to perceive the difference between the vogue which a book gains from some passing phase of popular interest or taste and the lasting favor which depends upon intellectual and artistic worth. He will have in his mind standards by which to try the flamboyantly be-praised historical novel, The Haberdasher of Cornwallis, or Cleopatra's Hair-pillow; he will not be swept off his feet by the flood of advertisements now drowning out literary tradition and artistic appreciation. In all the affairs of life, moreover, he cannot fail to be able better to distinguish between what is in evidence and what is really vital, between what glitters and what is genuine. Life is one and education is one; if the mind is trained in one direction the advantages of that training must tell all along the line. From technical or scientific education for instance, the mind is sure to gain in exactness and in fineness of perception; and a scientific man can never look at the world with the stupid blindness of the uneducated. No other branch of human effort, however, is so broad or so deep as art, and so it comes about that breadth and penetration in all that pertains to human conditions are best cultivated by the study of literature.

How to Learn to Read Character

The need of a power to distinguish values is especially important when a man has to estimate his fellows. Into every one of the serious concerns of life enters the necessity of judging men, of penetrating through the outward appearance and arriving at a conclusion in regard to the real quality of individuals. Success in life perhaps depends upon this power more than upon any other mental equipment. From affairs of state to the choice of the employee we trust, the friend we select, the wife or the husband we marry, this need of knowing character extends. Failure is always damaging and not infrequently it is fatal. It is too much to say that a young man who is familiar with Rosalind, Viola, Lucy Feverel, Ethel Newcome, Phœbe Pyncheon, Clara Middleton, and others of their sort, or the young woman who knows Romeo, Kmita, Arthur Pendennis, George Warrington, Amyas Leigh, Colonel Newcome, David Copperfield, and the rest, may not make the most foolish of marriages. They may be foolish in the persons trusted, or they may commit errors of judgment

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Editor's Note—This is the first of six papers which form a course in English Language and Literature. The next article will appear April 5. Other courses will be announced from time to time.

The editors will cheerfully answer all inquiries pertaining to these papers.

It is true, however, that they are less likely to be caught in such a pitfall as far as such decisions in life are influenced by a knowledge of human nature. Perhaps this is not saying much in the case of marriages, for love and matrimony are not as a rule treated as coming strictly inside the lines of deliberately reasonable proceedings; but to have an ideal and some knowledge of what man and woman may be in respect to love is certainly something. In other and less emotional dealings with his fellows the desirability of a knowledge of human nature is sufficiently obvious, and that to a large extent this may be gained from literature is equally and undeniably true.

It is evident that this knowledge of human nature will come only from an intelligent familiarity with the best literature—literature best in the sense of being most broadly and subtilely true to the workings of character in its differing aspects. Familiarity, to be intelligent, must be more than the superficial acquaintance one gets by skimming a novel on a railway train, competing with the engine in rapidity of getting over the ground. No one has read a book worth reading unless he has been over it again and again; unless he has entered into the mood of the writer and taken his point of view. No other cause contributes so much to the general underestimate of literature to-day as the constant abuse of reading. Modern readers drag the plots out of innumerable novels as a cook seeds raisins—only that Bridget is wise enough not to throw the nutritious part of the fruit away. To know a few good books sympathetically is better than to have skipped and skimmed over all the books in a library.

With the knowledge of human nature and character comes a realization of the possibilities of life. Emotional experiences which are necessarily outside the narrow range of every-day life may be entered through the personages in fiction, through sympathy with vital poetry, and through familiarity with those essays which, like those of Montaigne or Lamb, are full of individuality and of emotion. No reader of Scott or Dumas, or Thackeray, or Hawthorne, or Dickens can fail to appreciate that he is enjoying in their tales a richness and fullness of adventurous life, a depth and vividness of emotion which he would have missed altogether if he had not attained to it through the printed page. When we have sat in Arden with Orlando wooing Rosalind, unknowing yet pressed onward by unconscious instinct; when we have with cool bravado shared the breakfast of D'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos and Aramis on the bastion; when breathlessly with Kmita we have stolen out of Yasna Gora to blow up the great siege gun; when with Arthur Dimmesdale on the scaffold we have frantically but manfully plucked away with dying hands the vestments which hid the scarlet letter stained on the flesh itself; when with Mrs. Yeobright we have toiled in the hot noon over Egdon Heath, more stricken by the repulse from the son's door than by the fatal sting of the adder; when, not willing to identify ourselves with the egoist, we have yet understood the windings and twistings of Sir Willoughby Patterne's vanity when enchanting Clara Middleton refuses to be held to her engagement; when, in a word, we have really lived with the characters of good fiction, we have widened our experience of life. It is no less true that if we have been able to get into sympathy with the mood of a poet—of Milton singing L'Allegro or chanting Lycidas; of Herrick, the very Ariel of poets, murmuring with a smile some bit of the Hesperides; of Shakespeare in any one of the innumerable moods in which he sounds the heights and deeps of human emotion; of Tennyson, telling the stories of King Arthur in lines as sweet as the dropping of honey; of Browning, half saying, half singing the deepest things his century set in verse—if we have felt these things sincerely we have enriched our lives. We have learned what is possible in humanity, and we have tasted to some degree the most vital savors of life.

Development of the Ethical Sense

Least obvious of the benefits which we should get from literature is the development of the ethical sense. Really good literature is true to ethical values because the vital concerns of mankind are ethical, and it is not possible to be true to life without embodying the principles which govern the moral world. Good literature is not didactic. It does not preach morals directly, but indirectly it must enforce moral lessons. Good literature is that which paints the essentials of human existence, and morality is, after all, in one sense conformity to the conditions of human life. Is it possible for any reader to lay down Shakespeare without finding himself somehow morally better, no matter which of the plays he has been reading? Has any sermon ever put truth more effectively than Hawthorne has shown it in The Scarlet Letter? Where is a finer appeal to the moral sense than in Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came which has not a word of didactics or moralizing in it? This point does not seem to me to need insisting upon, but, in a time when all direct moral teaching is apt to be either deprecated or at best regarded with tolerance, it is not amiss to remember that from artistic writings we may get ethical training and stimulus which we all need.

The form of literature, as is said above, is of no less importance than the matter. The present age is losing much in neglecting poetry, because it is thus depriving itself of the influence of artistic expression; it is ignoring all that which it lies beyond the power of prose to express, and which is the reason for the existence of poetry. This is a materialistic time, and the intangible power of artistic quality is in general too little recognized or appreciated. If no other reason could be advanced why good literature is a necessity in any full and well rounded development, the single fact that artistic form has in the experience of the race proved so powerful in bringing out whatever is best in humanity, whatever is most vital and most civilizing in the race, would be sufficient to make every earnest seeker after self-culture give close and loving attention to that literature which is not only best in matter but best also in manner.

Such in brief are some of the points to be considered in the relation of literature to education. They resolve themselves in the end into the different ways in which reading may aid character-building. No man of sane mind can be indifferent to what he makes of his powers and his opportunities; no noble-minded man can fail to be concerned with the effect he produces upon his fellows and upon the work of the
Though it is true that in isolated cases great results hav
brought about by men narrow and ignorant, but burning
enthusiasm and especially gifted by nature, the genera
remains that power over men and over events depends la
upon breadth of mind, wide range of sympathies, dep
knowledge of life. Experience teaches much, but experience, if a sure, is a slow instructor; and into the range of one life it seldom or perhaps never brings the variety and richness of thought and emotion offered by literature. Books represent the cumulative experience of the race. He who would take advantage of what the race has achieved, has suffered, has enjoyed, has learned, of what the race aspires to in the future, must make himself not only acquainted but intimate with the best literature, the writings in which the buried past is still alive, in which the unborn future begins already to beat its wings.

* * *

A Word About the Weather

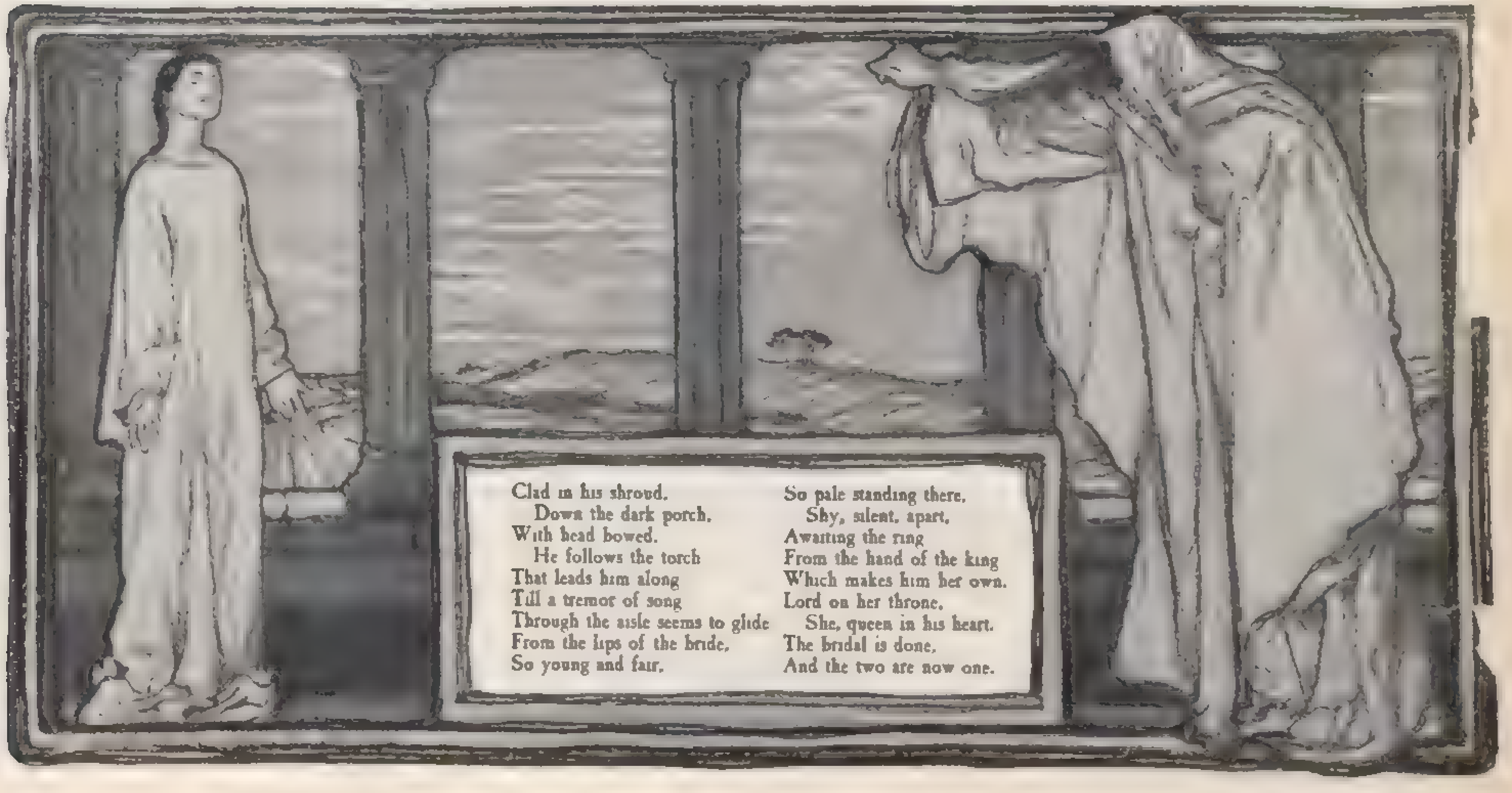
IT IS true that in some winters we have intensely cold weather in this country, but not so intense as th from which Europeans sometimes suffer. When, in the ited States, has water frozen in locomotive boiler-tubes, and w have engine-wheels frozen to the rails and people perished from cold in railway carriages, as in Germany in 1892? When have our chief seaports been blockaded by ice, as were those of Marseilles and other Mediterranean cities in the same year? When has snow been piled up in the streets of our cities, as in Vienna, ten or twelve feet high, and when has it completely isolated, as in Austria, scores of our villages? When have wild bears and wolves, famine-smitten, prowled about here for prey as in southern France?

We are told that in England they have no weather—"only samples;" that an English summer consists of three days and a thunderstorm, and that the only fruit that r there is a baked apple. Johnson's friend, Luttrell, said of the English weather that on a fine day it is like looking up a chimney; on a foul day it is like looking down one.

If "variety's the spice of life that gives it all its flavor," why should we grumble at the frequent changes in the weather? How dreary would our life be if sameness—an eternal monotony—were the law of the elements! If our climate were unchanging—steadily cold or steadily hot, or simply serene every day in the year—who can doubt that the very malcontents who now complain of its caprices would cry out against its dullness and insipidity?

About one hundred and ten years ago that able statesman and shrewd observer, Gouverneur Morris, who had seen much of Europe, thus wrote to his friend, James Paris, in London: "Compare the uninterrupted warmth and splendor of America from the first of May to the first of September, an her autumn, truly celestial, with your shivering June, your and August, sometimes warm, but often wet; your September, your gloomy October, your dismal N compare these things, and then say how a man of the charms of Nature can think of making the exchan

The Bridal—By Richard Henry Stoddar



Clad in his shroud,
  Down the dark porch,
With head bowed,
  He follows the torch
That leads him along
Till a tremor of song
Through the aisle seems to glide
From the lips of the bride,
So young and fair,
So pale standing there,
  Shy, silent, apart,
Awaiting the ring
From the hand of the king
Which makes him her own,
Lord on her throne,
  She, queen in his heart.
The bridal is done,
And the two are now one.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

The Sixteenth Amendment

The people of Washington have thrown themselves so enthusiastically into the plan for changing the date of the inauguration of the President to April 30 that there seems [illegible] reason to believe that it will succeed. Already thirty Governors have given their indorsement to the scheme and hardly any effective opposition has developed. It took a Civil War to carry the three last amendments to the Constitution, and with that exception all the efforts of reformers have failed to start the ponderous wheels of the machinery of constitutional change within the last hundred years. It seems rather odd that the desire to have good weather for a procession should be able to do what the almost unanimous demand for the popular election of Senators, for instance, has failed to accomplish.

But if this change shall be made it will have to be followed by a corresponding change in the date of election in order to keep the Government somewhere within hailing distance of popular opinion. At present it takes four months for an election to bring about a change in administration. The proposed amendment would make the delay six months. For that length of time a discredited President and Congress could go on carrying out policies repudiated by the people. That [illegible] be a republican form of government, but it would not be republican in spirit.

This matter is under the control of Congress, which has power to fix the dates of national elections. If the inauguration of the President should be postponed until April 30, the election ought not to be held earlier than the middle of February or the beginning of March. The best plan of all would be to leave the election as it is and let the new President and Congress come in on January 1; but that would not meet the demand of the people of Washington for good weather for the inauguration. Some way ought to be found, however, of abolishing the present absurd anomaly of alternate "long" and "short" sessions of Congress, the long session beginning after the popular impulse of the election has been running down for thirteen months, and the short session controlled by men whose successors have already been chosen. If the President should be inaugurated on April 30 and the election day should be advanced to the beginning of March, a new Congress would meet in the ordinary course in nine months instead of thirteen months after its election. The length of the two regular sessions would be somewhat equalized and a hold-over Congress would not stay above ground very long after it ought to be decently dead and buried. The improvement would be greater yet if the election and inauguration were delayed for still another month—the election to the first Tuesday after the first Monday of April, and the inauguration to May 30.

It would be easier now to get the returns from all the States in a month than it was fifty years ago in four months. The present interval between the election and the inauguration is a legacy of the days of the stage coach and the pony express. It has no place in an age of wireless telegraphy.

* * *

Every great city has its own special greatness; but the greatest of these is not modesty.

The Business of Royalty

NOW that Henry of Prussia has come and gone we all feel that we know more about princes. It must be confessed that heretofore the most of us were a little hazy in our ideas of the business of a prince; but now we understand all about it. What man among us, barring a few dyspeptics, so weak as to admit that he couldn't step into the place of a prince and perform all the duties without a flaw?

There may be some question, however, as to the desirability of the job of being a prince. Perhaps a prince doesn't have much real fun, after all. While on his visit here Prince Henry must have felt a good deal like the cat which the other day got caught in the fly-wheel of a steam engine at Pittsburg. Looking back at his trip through this country the Prince probably has a vague feeling of having made it by pneumatic tube. If he ever comes again he may politely request us to paint a panorama of our celebrated country and just let him sit still and watch it go by. It is whispered that as His Royal Highness stood at Niagara he remarked quietly (in German) to one of his suite that the rush of water was rather startling, but that it was nothing to the rush of luncheons, dinners and receptions which he was encountering

Of course before a man announces publicly that he wouldn't take the position of prince even if it were offered to him, and thereby destroys his chances, he ought to take into consideration the fact that Prince Henry probably doesn't always work so hard as he did while here. It was his busy month. At home he most likely doesn't have to eat more than three meals a day if he doesn't want to. There's probably no law compelling him to spend his nights in a sleeping-car. But from what at this distance may be observed of his life there, and of that of all princes, potentates and other employees of what may be called the ruler trust, it partakes somewhat of the nature of Prince Henry's days here. There may be less rush, but much of the work appears to be of the same character; and it must grow tiresome. Poor princes! The man who has a chance to become president of a small but promising American industrial trust can't afford to accept any position with the European royalty corporation.

* * *

We began to think that Prince Henry might last almost as long as the Schley-Sampson controversy.

Nebraska's Fat Year

NEXT to the pleasure of having plenty of money one's self is that of learning that a lot of other people are flourishing, especially if the other people have complained of poverty in the near past. Fortunately such opportunities are not infrequent, should any one care to look for them. A case in point, and a very large one, may be found in the recent report of the Secretary of the State Banking Board of Nebraska—a State which several years ago was most eloquent, touching, and therefore influential, in its complaints of poverty and its demands for relief. Last year Nebraska suffered by the general drought in the West, and had an alarming reduction of her corn yield, corn being a Nebraska staple, as it is of all Western States whose industries are principally agricultural. Yet despite a shortage of one hundred million bushels of corn, Nebraska's bank deposits last year exceeded those of the previous year by nearly twelve million dollars—a gain of about fifteen per cent. over those of the previous year. These figures take no account of the many private hoards in cracked teapots, old stockings and other time-honored repositories, of people who have no confidence in banks or who live far away from them. Not long ago Nebraska complained bitterly that there was not enough money in the State to make ordinary commercial exchanges, and that farm loans, which when really needed are as important as the doctor is to persons dangerously ill, could be had only at destructive rates of interest. Yet the Secretary reports that within the year farm loans dropped to five per cent. interest, which is the average in the best of the older States.

Yet besides caring for home interests, the Nebraska banks, according to the Secretary's report, have had so much money that at least twenty-five per cent. of the loans and discounts have been to Eastern financial institutions and on Eastern securities. In plain English, Nebraska has become a "capitalist State." States, like individuals, change their manner according to their poverty or wealth. In a very old story, which is not read as much as it should be, the patriarch Job, wise, good and wealthy, is presented by the highest authority as a model—"A perfect and an upright man"—"None like him in the earth"—but when, at the suggestion of Satan, Job was deprived of his property and his children, he became sick in body and mind, went down into the dumps, and found the world so awry that with much eloquence of detail he cursed the day in which he was born, and his wife urged him to make the curse more comprehensive so as to include the Designer and Manager of all things. From poverty-stricken States, as from men reduced to penury, come all sorts of financial and social and moral heresies and lunacies, some of which are infectious, turning the heads of the people and unsettling business foundations. It would be invidious to name States where this has been the case, for no one can say with certainty that similar disturbances may not begin, at scant notice, in one of the oldest and wealthiest.

But at present Nebraska deserves the congratulations of her sister States for having made so handsome a showing, and for having proved herself willing and able to spend less than she earned, and thus fortified herself against the bad years which always are possible.

* * *

In advising the people of the world against the dangers of a little learning and telling them to drink deep, the poet forgot to warn them that the water should be well boiled and filtered.

The Vindication of Barbed Wire

DOWNWARD the course of luxuries takes its way. To-day the millionaire runs over us with his automobile; in a few years the junk-man will be making his heterogeneous collection in such a vehicle, with a string of bronze Japanese gongs instead of the present assemblage of cow-bells. An already realized example of this may be found in the telephone; if you and your neighbor have a barbed-wire fence you may have a telephone.

The new way of telephoning is reported from Colorado. Instruments are installed in the farmers' houses and connection made with the top wires of the fences. The barbs seem in no way to interfere with the passage of the message, which is probably the only thing in the world with the passage of which they do not interfere. Indeed, the young man who has tried to get a summer girl through a barbed-wire fence will probably be disposed to doubt if even a telephone message can pass without getting torn to shreds, and coming out in Russian, for example. The barbed wire fence is perhaps the most abused of American institutions, unless it be the plumber. It is certainly gratifying to learn that a humane use has at last been found for barbed wire. Perhaps a way to utilize the plumber may yet be found—say as a storage battery.

In thus welcoming the utilization of the barbed-wire fence, however, we cannot, in justice, overlook that modest and truth-loving individual who lives somewhere in Iowa on the Missouri River bottom. It will be remembered that last summer he reported in all the newspapers that just before the June rise he baited the barbs on several miles of fence, some eight or nine thousand in number, and when the waters receded removed a fine large fish from every barb except three, which trio the hired man had neglected properly to bait.

The ingenious fisherman sold his catch for something like $4000, and discharged the careless agricultural helper, after docking him ninety cents for the lost fish.

* * *

Woman's part in the economy of the world is that the man has to pay the bills.

When Nature Sets the Fashion

SPRING used to be only an ordinary season in which the planting was regulated from patent medicine almanacs, and the centre of human interest changed from the stove inside the store to the benches outside. In the cities spring made little difference except among the very rich, but now it becomes the most trying time of the year. It is not housecleaning or mere fixing up, but the country club, golf, the rural residence, the mountain camp, the shooting and fishing, Europe, or travels involving thousands and thousands of dollars.

But that is not all. In the spring the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of cash. It has to. Nature puts on a new wardrobe in spring and expects everybody else to do the same. In other seasons the old suit may be brushed into a passing respectability; the neckties that have known other years may parade as new, and the footwear need not be renewed. But when spring comes these expedients fail. Spring demands newness. Its own old clothes are thrown away and it easily detects any efforts of anybody else to try to deceive it. But somehow we all manage to get along and the ten-dollar man and the ten-million man both breathe the same air. In the changes, the pleasant fact is the increased call for plain dress in all the best classes of people. It is recognized that when the weather gets lazy man should not be bothered about the special cut of his clothes. Fashion tries to rule but Comfort is the thing

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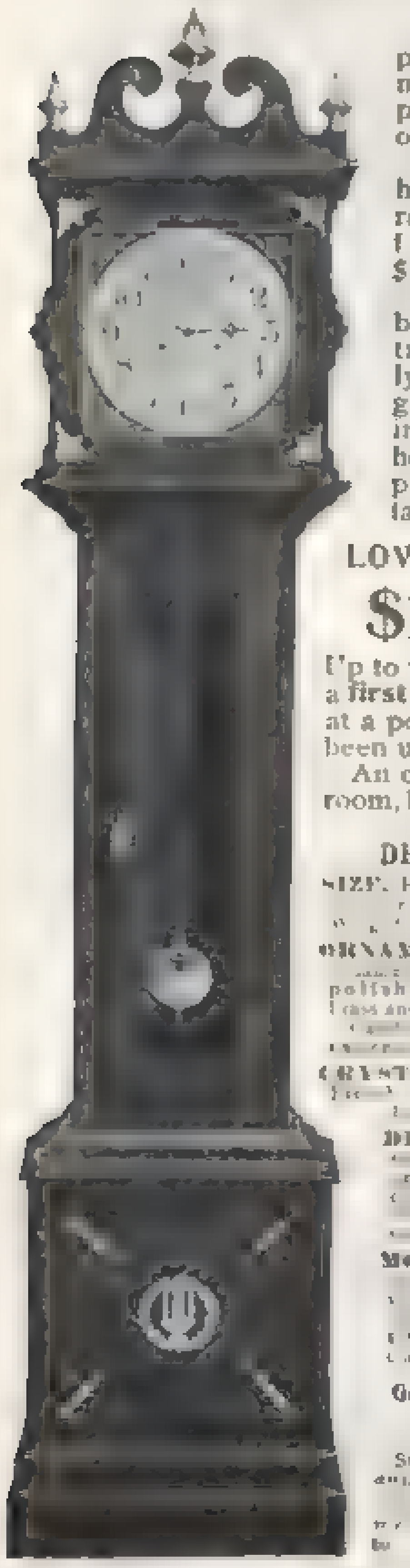

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Red Tape in the Tropics

An incident which occurred while Admiral Dewey was commanding the Asiatic Station and one which illustrates his independence is one known as "the coal incident."

It seems that his squadron was in need of coal, but, instead of writing to the Chief of the Bureau of Equipment at the Navy Department he purchased a large amount of coal without consulting the Department

The following is the correspondence between the Admiral and Captain Bradford, the Chief of the Bureau of Equipment, and is self-explanatory

> Navy Department, Washington, D. C
>
> *To Dewey, Manila*
>
> Why did you buy so much coal?
>
> BRADFORD

> Flagship Olympia Manila
>
> *To Bradford Chief Bureau Equipment Washington*
>
> To burn
>
> DEWEY

Hoist by His Own Petard

At a recent luncheon of newspaper men, Mr. Opie Read, who is now being urged to become an aldermanic candidate in Chicago, gave a talk on the dangers of politics and "grapevine journalism," and enforced the moral of his remarks by a chapter from his own experiences when a reporter on the Little Rock Gazette, printed in the capital city of Arkansas

"News was particularly slow one day,' said he. "There hadn't been a shooting or a hanging in our entire zone of influence for a week. Something had to be done and the editor detailed me to 'get up something' that would read as if it might have happened Nothing pleased me better than a grapevine stunt, and I turned out a two-column story which described how a Government agent got after the moonshiners up White River.

"The yarn detailed how a certain sawmill way up stream had been doing a big business in making black-walnut coffins until the Revenue men at Memphis, the main stopping point, had noticed that the town was flowing with 'moonshine.' They watched the docks closely, and one observant agent noticed that several coffins were being sent back up river. Then a coffin which had just arrived was secretly opened and found to contain a tin lining full of illicit whisky

"Then, according to my story, the bright young Revenue man followed one of the returning coffins up river and arrived in the neighborhood of the sawmill in question. He carried a stock of Bibles and took up his abode with the Rev. Bradley Bunch — I can recall the thrill of satisfaction I felt when that name popped into my head! Before this colporteur had stocked the little community with copies of the Scriptures he managed to take several quiet strolls into the fields and woods. In the course of one of these rambles he came upon a secluded cornfield on a hillside. In one corner of the field was a rail crib to which teams hauled their loads Close study showed the stranger that, no matter how many loads of corn were dumped into this crib, the pile did not increase in height

"Next he discovered a thin line of smoke coming out of the top of a big sycamore tree a few rods down the hillside.

"This settled the location of the moonshine 'still,' and the brilliant young Revenue man had only to go and fetch a big posse of his associates in order to make a rich haul Incidentally, he fell in love with the charming daughter of Rev. Bradley Bunch — of course! — and sacrificed love for duty

"And there ended my 'grapevine' story. I got the first copy off the press and was showing it to the advance agent of a circus who had a pocket full of blank passes, when the office devil came down the back stairs on the jump

"'You'd better git shut of this place!' he cried. 'Governor Rector's upstairs talkin' t' th' Old Man, an' he's madder'n a hornet Says that Bradley Bunch's an old friend of his and one of the greatest preachers in all Arkansas He's got his cane with him an' is lookin' for the man that wrote that article.'

"I didn't wait to hear any more, for I had seen one newspaper man who had the marks of Governor Rector's cane all over his back After that I was mighty careful how I indulged in the 'grapevine' habit — especially so long as old Governor Rector was able to get about Little Rock and swing his cane. How the name of Bradley Bunch ever came to me in writing that story I don't know, but he certainly was a preacher in the very locality in which my moonshine story was laid!

"Probably I had read the name in the report of some ministerial conference and had later forgot its association with a living personality

Telegraphing a Hymn

"General James H. Wilson, who is to be one of the Commissioners to represent the United States at the coronation of King Edward," remarked a United States Senator recently, "enjoys a very extended personal acquaintance. For many years he has been in much demand as a banquet speaker, and his friends delight to recall his enlivening talks. One of his stories, which he credits to his old associate, Dana, concerns a former well-known Washington newspaper correspondent

"On the night that Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation all the correspondents in Washington were alert to get this great piece of news. At that time telegraph tolls were high and journals had not acquired the habit of expending fortunes to obtain news. Only matters of the gravest importance were wired at any length

"To one of the correspondents, whom the President trusted and whose ability he recognized, the nature of the Proclamation was outlined. Lincoln could not actually show it to the correspondent before it was presented to Congress, but, under certain restrictions, he told him the substance of what the famous document contained. In great excitement the correspondent rushed to the telegraph office, and forgetting all about the strict admonition from his New York office to keep down telegraph bills, began his dispatch by quoting the old hymn

> We are living, we are dwelling
> In a grand and awful time
> In an age of ages telling
> To be living is sublime

"Then followed the world-stirring news In a few days the jubilant newspaper man, according to the story told by Dana to General Wilson, received from the managing editor of his paper the following letter

> "—— Office New York
>
> 'My dear Mr. ——: We were very much pleased to get your news dispatch of recent date concerning the President's Proclamation of Emancipation, but inasmuch as words wired from Washington to New York cost considerable money we suggest that hereafter when you have occasion to quote a hymn you telegraph us simply the page and number; we have a hymn-book in the office

A Man Who Won't Write Letters

That a man can successfully conduct a vast business for a number of years without writing or signing a letter seems to be incredible in this age of universal letter-writing, but it is said that Mr. J. Edward Addicks, who is president of a dozen corporations, never writes or signs a communication of any description

Some years ago Mr. Addicks, according to the story, wrote a hasty letter to an old friend and business associate, but, by some fortunate accident, it was not mailed. The next day the injustice of the letter was so strongly impressed upon his mind that he vowed that he would never write another letter

He has telephones in each of his four homes, in those of all his confidential agents and employees, and in the private offices of all of the many corporations with which he is identified, and all are paid for by him personally, and all are supposed to be for his exclusive use

His secretary conducts all of the usual correspondence of his office

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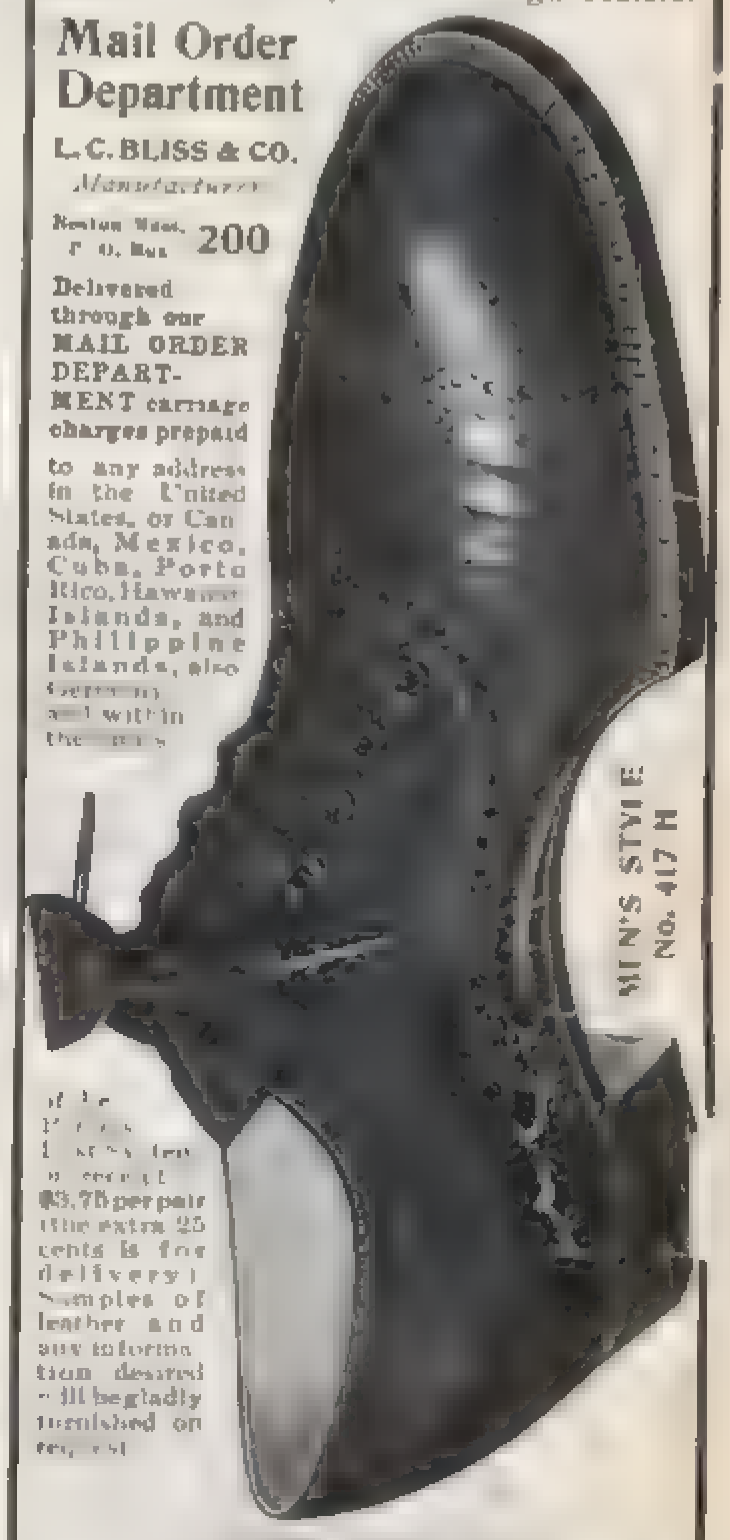

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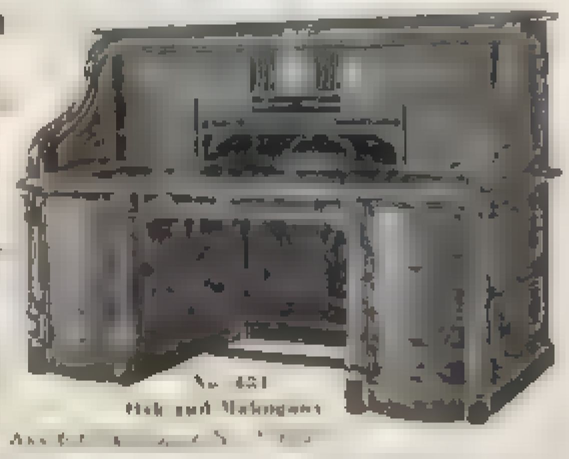

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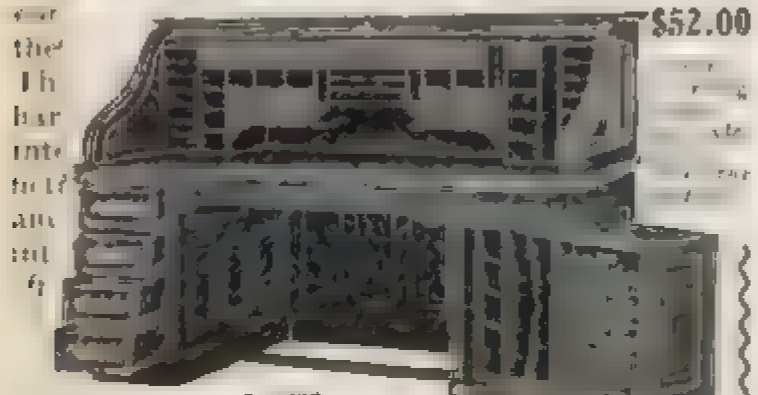

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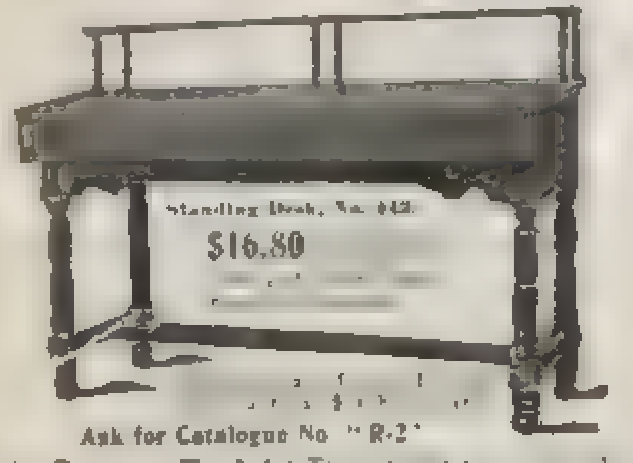

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A HAND-TO-HAND BATTLE WITH A LEOPARD

By Forrest Crissey

THE greatest scientific hunting expedition ever organized was that sent into the heart of Somaliland, in 1896, by the Field Columbian Museum, of Chicago. This was under the active command of Mr. D. G. Elliot, F. R. S. E., and was accompanied by Mr. Carl E. Akeley, the official taxidermist of that institution, who is a master in his peculiar specialty.

Mr. Akeley's experiences were in keeping with his perilous opportunities.

Sitting in his private apartments, surrounded by spears, lances, battle-shields and other trophies of the East African wilderness, Mr. Akeley related this narrative of his narrow escape from a terrible death.

One day I determined to take a stroll outside of camp and carefully look over the surrounding country. I set out with a black boy and a mule to take care of any game which I might chance to bring down. Our start was a very early one and about sunrise I had so tempting a shot at a hyena that I dropped him in his tracks. A little farther on I caught a glimpse of a big boar and was fortunate enough to kill him at the first shot. He was not wanted as a specimen, but I wished to preserve his tusks as trophies of the hunt, and therefore carefully marked the spot so that I might return to it before nightfall.

When there was but little daylight remaining, I started to procure the tusks of the boar. I had no difficulty in finding the spot where I had killed the creature. There was a little pool of blood, but not a sign of the carcass. In its place, however, was a distinct trail leading in the direction of a little bank, clearly indicating that the body of the boar had been dragged along the ground by some creature of considerable size and strength. The black boy was a few steps in advance of me as we pushed along this trail. Suddenly he pointed to the bushes, a few rods distant, and I caught a glimpse of a shadowy form stealing behind them. At that distance it was impossible to tell precisely what it was, but I raised my rifle and fired into the brush. My shot was answered by a snarl, and I seized the boy by the shoulders and drew him back.

I cannot forget the peculiarities of this growl. It was a leopard's growl. It had a nasty "twang" to it and gave one the impression that it was being chewed as it left the lips of the cat. It had already become too dark to distinguish clearly the sights of my gun and I realized that any further trouble with the leopard would be foolhardy, particularly as its snarl indicated that I had slightly wounded it. I well knew, too, that there was not in the whole jungle another creature more dreaded by the hunter than this lithe, agile and vicious member of the cat family, in comparison with which the "roaring lion" is a coward.

I immediately crossed to the opposite side of the little ravine. No sooner had I scaled the short but rather steep acclivity than I saw the leopard making its way along the bottom of the ravine about thirty yards farther up. Its progress across the bottom of the little gully was comparatively slow and exposed it, at intervals, in a way no sportsman could withstand. The mark was so tempting and the distance so short that I felt reasonably sure of my aim despite the dusk. My first shot was too high; the next ball struck still nearer and yet escaped the mark; the third fell a trifle short owing to the sudden halt of the leopard.

Just as the creature was starting forward again I fired a more careful shot. This time there was no flying sand and the leopard crouched on the ground. Instantly from the lips of my black boy came the song of triumph which the Somals invariably send up when some savage enemy — man or beast — has met his death. This expression of triumph struck me with a disagreeable sense of prematurity and I told the lad to be silent. The moment he obeyed this order there came a series of mingled snarls and growls which told me that I was facing the most desperate situation of my life.

A few yards in front of me was a wounded leopard, full of fight. The dusk made it impossible to take accurate sight with my rifle, and my boy was unarmed, except for a knife. This was certainly bad enough; but I confess that I was paralyzed with fear as I once more pumped the lever of my gun and realized that its magazine was empty.

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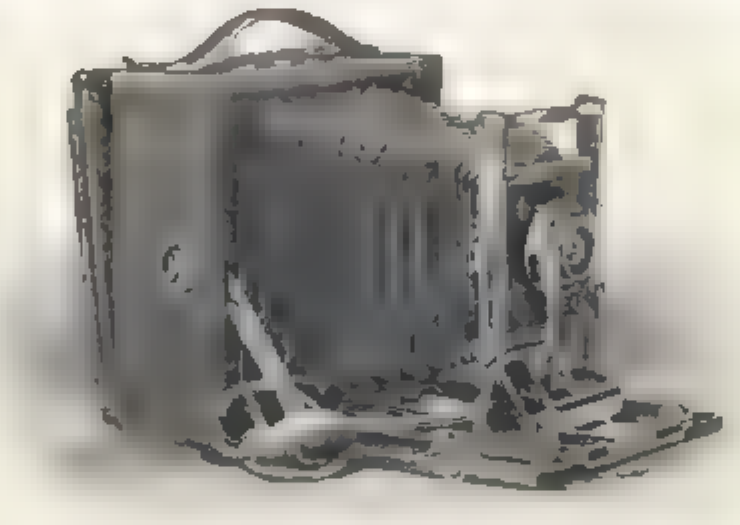

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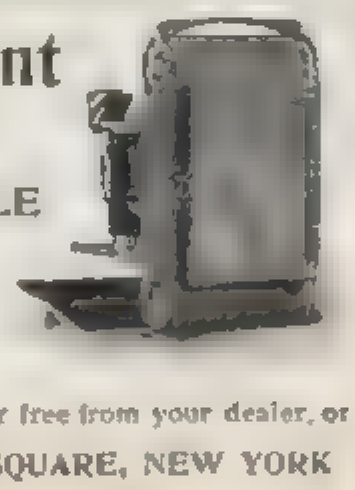

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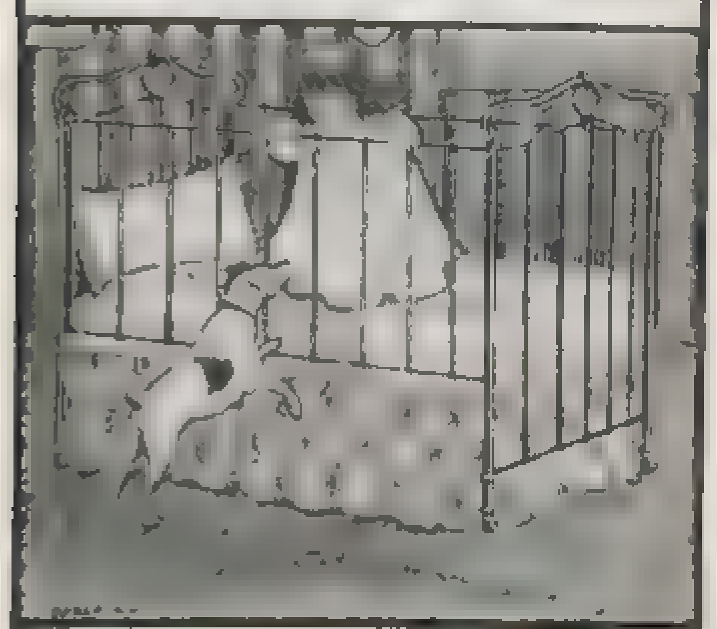

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The next instant the gun was knocked from my hand and the teeth of the cat fastened into my arm close up to the shoulder. Probably owing to the fact that I had braced myself to meet the charge, the leopard's hind feet swung between my legs and I fell forward. The leopard fell flat on its side with its back toward me

I landed with both knees on the ribs of the leopard, the upper part of my body being between its fore arms. One of the creature's fore paws was pinned to the ground by my shoulder, while the elbow of my other arm rested, so to speak, in the armpit of the cat. Therefore the creature's fore arms were spread apart so that its claws could only touch me slightly at the point of one shoulder. My toes dug into the sand at the back of the cat, the latter's hind legs pointing in an opposite direction. In other words, the rear half of the cat was flat on its side, but the fore part of the body was twisted up so that the top of the shoulders and the back of the neck were down and the head curled up for action. Had I landed otherwise I should have been torn almost into strips before there was time for a second thought. This, and the fact that the arena of our struggle was sand instead of solid ground gave me the only possible chance to win out in the hand-to-claw fight with the big cat! There was not the slightest sensation of pain, although the moment the leopard struck me its jaws closed upon my arm close to the shoulder

At the same instant I grasped the creature's throat with my left hand. With the first realization that I had the slightest fighting chance for life I began to yell to the negro boy to bring his knife; but the poor fellow was so completely paralyzed with terror that he might as well have been dead, even if he had heard and understood my words. More than likely, however, my cries for help were inaudible to the black because of the terrible growls and snarls which came almost continuously from the leopard. The greed of the great cat caused it to take my arm so deeply into its mouth that it passed beyond the creature's sharp canines and came between its molars

I was distinctly conscious that the brute was sawing and grinding at my arm, and I was under the impression that the bone was being crushed, although there was no feeling of pain. The tensity of my muscles and the tightness of the grip of my left hand on the cat's throat prolonged the struggle until the animal literally chewed my entire right arm for the entire distance from the shoulder to the hand—as every instant of the time I was pushing down with my left hand and pulling up with my right, stripping the right arm between the jaws of the cat

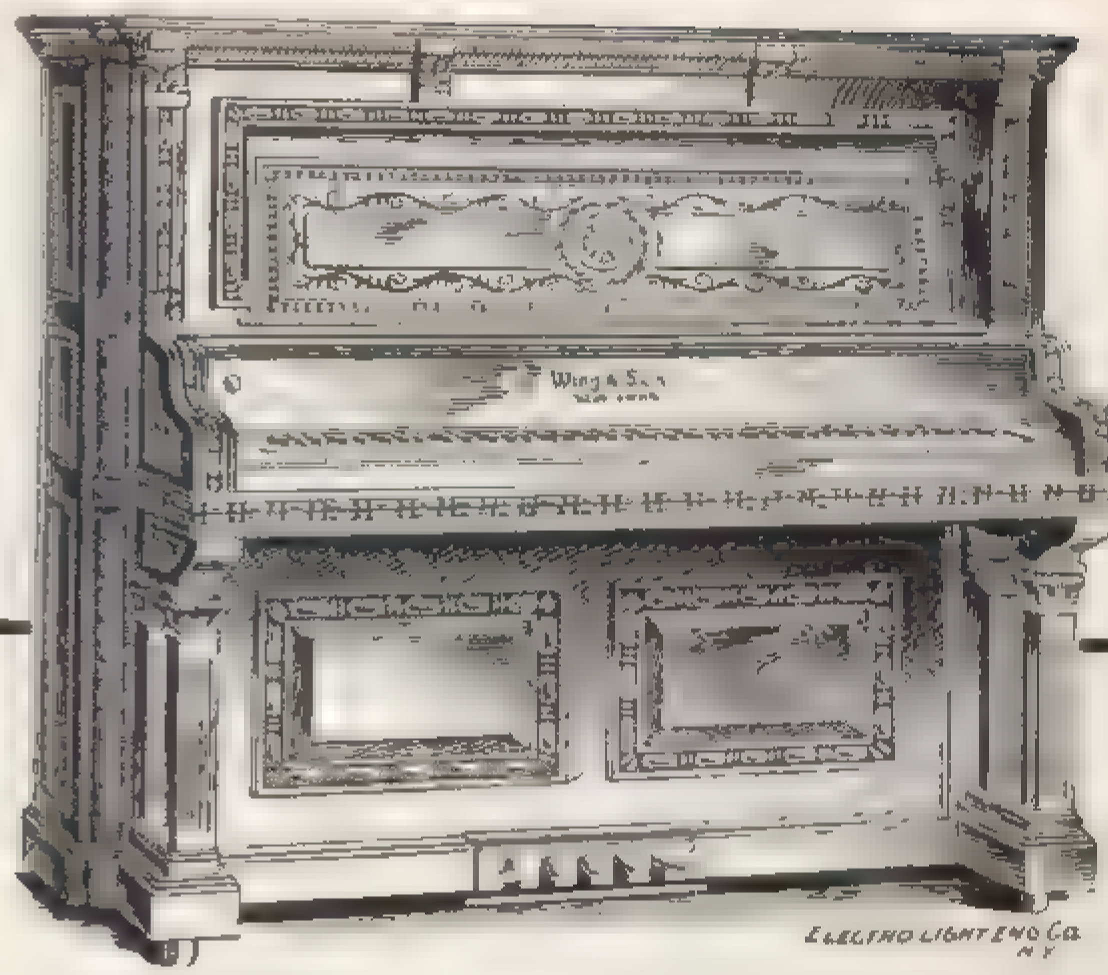
As distinctly as if calmly at work in my own room in the museum, I recognized the scientific fact that the ribs of the cat tribe are comparatively fragile, that my knees rested on the ribs of the leopard, and that if I could crush this delicate shield of bone my whole weight would rest upon the lungs of my antagonist and the struggle might thus be ended. On the other hand, I had serious doubts of my own powers of endurance, and it seemed simply a question of relative strength as to which could hold out the longer

When the jaws of the leopard had ground their way down the entire length of my arm and were just about at my wrist, I forced my hand down the leopard's throat as far as I could thrust it. Meantime I continued steadily to grind with my knees on the animal's ribs and had the satisfaction of feeling them snap as I made one lunge more furious than the others. How long this continued I am unable to say, but it certainly seemed a very long time to me. With my right fist acting as a plug in the breathing pipes of the cat and my other hand gripping its throat, the animal's wind was effectually shut off, even before I had succeeded in fully smashing its ribs

Finally, I felt a relaxation of the creature's muscles; its hind feet ceased for a moment to throw up the sand in vain struggles to secure a foothold, a slight quiver of the writhing body was perceptible and the leopard gave its last gasp

Staggering to my feet I made my way back to camp to have my wounds dressed

As I reclined on my bunk and looked at the leopard I realized that it was little short of a miracle to have come through a single-handed combat with a leopard, that had been wounded just enough to make it ferocious. My principal wounds were in my right arm and this was undoubtedly saved from destruction by the rigidity of the muscles resulting from the intense strain and excitement. The healing was perfect and in the course of two weeks I was able to be out.



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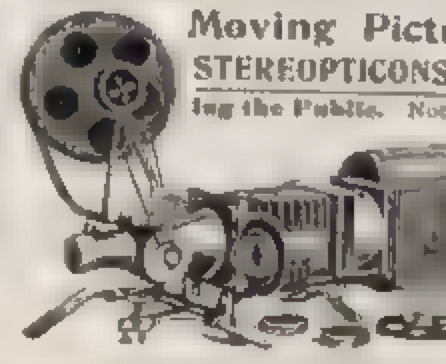

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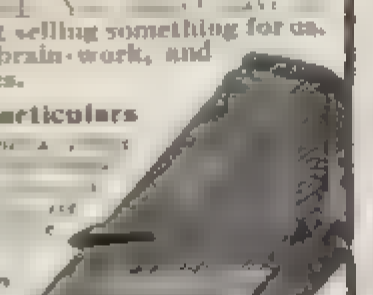

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LITERARY FOLK—THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

Lives of Great Men

Among Fénelon's *Dialogues des Morts* is a sharp-tongued interview between the shades of Louis XI and Philippe de Comines. The King had gone on ahead; Comines stayed behind to write his sovereign's biography. Louis had for some time been enjoying the grateful ease of Elysium and resting from the arduous labors of kingship, when newcomers began to bring reports of the [illegible] of his former subject. They said that The True Louis XI, by Philippe de Comines, told the whole story. It kept nothing back. All the King's personal habits were described with graphic minuteness—even that ridiculous one of making up faces as he talked to himself. His superstitions—and he had some rather foolish ones—were illustrated by many a laughable incident. All who had been nearest the person of the King—barber and tailor among the rest—contributed their amusing reminiscences to this veracious biography. There was nothing the King had done in secret but was proclaimed upon the housetops. His entire life—every room and closet and bureau drawer of it—was open for anybody's inspection. The book was having a great run. It satisfied the curious, furnished entertainment to laughers and scoffers, and pulled the King off his pedestal and made a man of him. Of course, these reports greatly disturbed his royal shadow, and he went down to the wharf in good season and waited there, growing angrier all the time, until Comines arrived. The interview Fénelon describes took place immediately after the long [illegible].

All this was written two hundred years ago. It may, however, well serve to make many a present-day biographer uncomfortable at the thought of meeting, ghost to ghost, his irate and vengeful victim.

It is doubtful if the race of myth-hunting biographers promote the good cause of truth so extensively as they and we are apt to think. The myths that cluster about a great name are usually true in the larger sense of the word, for they are concrete expressions of real traits of character. If it could be proved that William Pitt's last words were "Gruel—more gruel," and not "My country, O my country!" the world would not thereby draw nearer to the true William Pitt. In the mythical phrase are concentrated the aims and purposes of a lifetime. It is the reality that is false and misleading.

We stand admiring the distant mass of blue with its marvelous outline. Somebody comes along and with contemptuous superiority says: "That is not the true mountain at all. To get a correct idea of what the mountain is really like you must go up one side and down the other, taking note of the crags and swamps and gullies and thickets. Then you will know something about it." This person really thinks he is an emissary of truth. May not great men—like mountains—be seen best at a distance and in the atmosphere of glory that surrounds them? The George Washington of the steel engravings and of the early biographers—an idealized and glorified figure—is he not after all the true Father of his Country, patriot and soldier and statesman? It is the truth about our greatest national hero that we seek, and not the truth about a prosperous Virginia farmer.

About the life of Shakespeare we know nothing except a few dates. But, perhaps, every lover of the poems and the plays constructs for himself a truer biography of William Shakespeare the poet than could be written from journals and correspondence and reminiscences. It is easily possible to know so much about the life of the possessor of genius that one's appreciation and enjoyment of his work are hindered. I once heard

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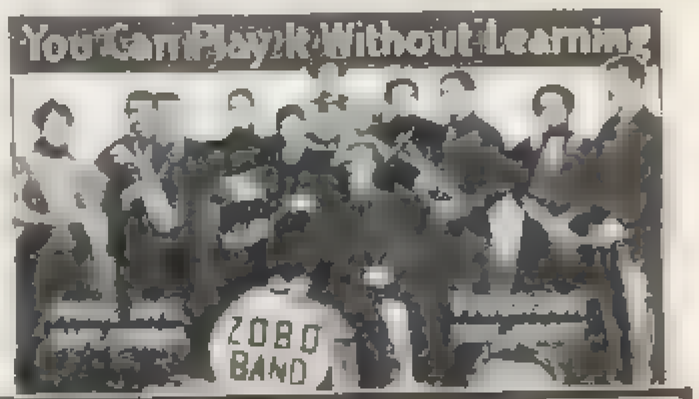
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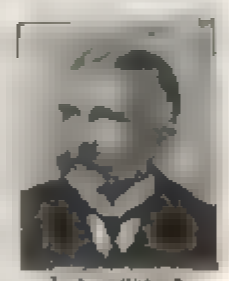

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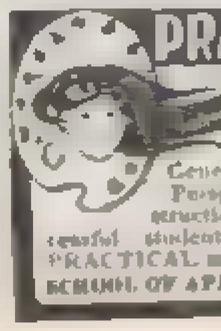

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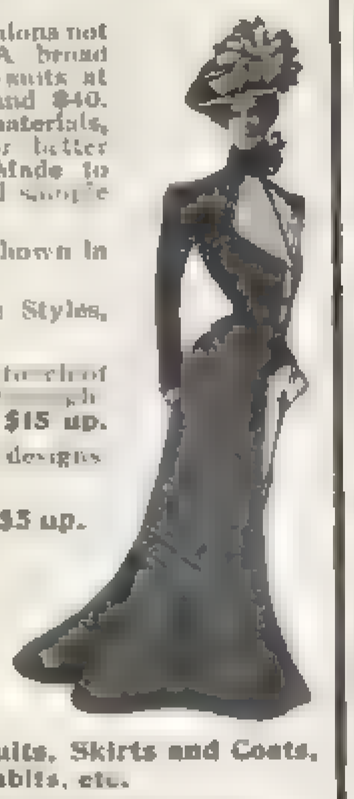

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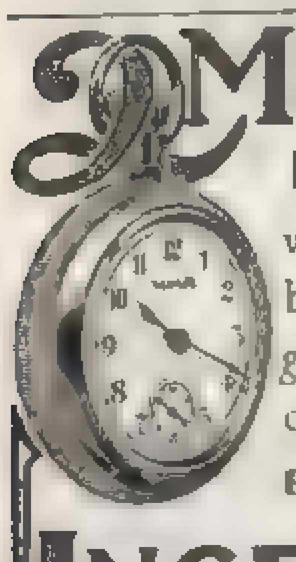

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a good woman say that since reading the story of George Eliot's life she had ceased caring to read her novels. The published details of Shelley's domestic history and of Coleridge's slavery to opium, and of the multitudinous *amours* of Robert Burns, have served to decrease the enjoyment of many readers in the poetry of these three men.

Lord Rosebery's plan for a board of censors of biography is excellent so far as it goes. These censors ought, so he thinks, to decide what persons are important enough to be written about and also how extended the biographies shall be — whether one or two or three volumes. But this is not enough. The censors should insist that nothing be published about a man of genius that does not help the world better to understand and appreciate his work. Mere curiosity should be left to fatten on the gossip of the neighborhood. They should also insist that in cases where the biographer exhibits his subject, "wart and all," he should never show the wart under a microscope.

—Arthur J. Roberts

Why Linn Quit the Newspaper

Mr. James Weber Linn, whose novel, The Second Generation, a story of newspaper life and political corruption in Chicago, has brought him into public comment in the West, is a nephew of Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House.

How this young author came to quit newspaper work is an interesting story.

He secured a position on the staff of a Chicago daily immediately on leaving college. All went well until one night, about three months after he took up the life of a reporter, when the city editor assigned him to make a midnight call at a home where the head of the household, a prominent man, had committed suicide.

"Get a good talk out of the wife and the girl," were the parting instructions. As Linn approached the house he was overcome by a sense of the intrusiveness of his mission. Suddenly the glamour and charm of newspaper work vanished. In vain he attempted to force himself to go up the steps of the house. The traditional incentive of the newspaper office, the argument that he must not "fall down" on his assignment, failed to stimulate his interest or his courage, and the longer he stood staring at the black streamer of crape that fluttered from the door the greater became his repugnance for his disagreeable task.

Finally he turned on his heel, took a car back to the office, and handed in his resignation with the explanation that some other man would have to get that interview. This episode ended his newspaper experience and he soon secured a position as an instructor in rhetoric in the University of Chicago where he is still engaged.

Mr. Linn's book was written in six weeks while spending a vacation in Europe. His success affords another example of the fact that much of the literature of the day is being made by the young, for he is only twenty-five years of age.

It seems so natural for newspaper men who write novels to drift into novels of political life, that one need not be surprised to learn that The Opponents, the new book by Mr. Harrison Robertson, author of Red Blood and Blue, and The Inlander, is a story dealing with political conditions in the fascinating Blue Grass country.

Some people may believe, from the fact that one of the new spring books, The Great Oil Syndicate, by "J. P. M.," deals with multimillionaires and with stock operations that the author is a Wall Street man and they will look curiously at these familiar initials suggesting as they do the central figure in our finance; but, as a matter of fact, "J. P. M." is the J. P. Mowbray who wrote A Journey to Nature and The Making of a Country Home, subjects a long way removed from the madding crowd of the stock exchange.

There has recently been a marked Dickens revival in England, and two or three new editions of the famous novelist have been brought out. A new edition, in thirty volumes, is shortly to be published on this side of the water by the Harpers, and it is a curious fact to note that it was in New York City, exactly fifty years ago (1852), that Thackeray first delivered the lecture in which he said: "I believe that Mr. Dickens' readers are even more numerous than they have ever been since his unrivaled pen began to delight the world with its humor."

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On the same topic, and from entirely different viewpoints, we have Lodge, Spencer, Stedman, [illegible]

[illegible] lamented President McKinley and William Jennings Bryan, who draw exact [illegible] Former President Harrison, whose view is that of the greatest constitutional [illegible]

[illegible] speakers and lecturers, each from his own peculiar view, environment and research. We have as [illegible] the Constitution of the United States, [illegible] Literature, Diplomacy, Art, Music, Economics, Religion, History, [illegible] Medicine [illegible] are discussed [illegible] thoughts on their chosen topics (which have been reduced to type in most instances for the first time [illegible])

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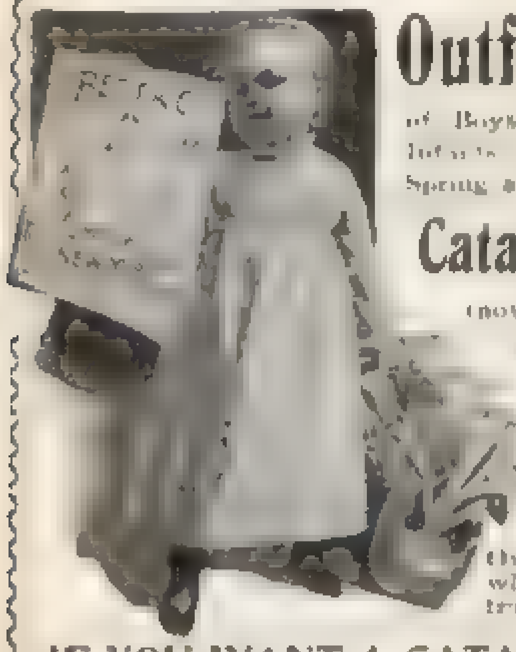

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Odd Things About Army Auditing

By General Charles King

When a Member of Congress travels, even though he be possessor of a pass, he charges the Government twenty cents a mile for expenses and gets it. The Representative from the outlying district of Hawaii, for instance, traversed some five thousand odd miles between Honolulu and Washington, and the papers told us that Uncle Sam was taxed a round $1000 to reimburse the gentleman. Cases have occurred where members of the House, sent from Washington to investigate something on the Hudson, let us say, have demanded that their mileage be computed and paid them from and to some distant home instead of from and to the capital.

Let it not be inferred from this that the Congressman is reckless of the people's money. Far from it. He knows well how and where to economize. He takes it out of some other of Uncle Sam's servants and the army is the favorite field for his cheeseparing. A Major-General, for example, ordered to proceed from Washington post haste to any point within our limits, buys his ticket like any other good citizen, and, when he reaches his destination, Congress permits him to collect four cents a mile to cover costs, but surrounds the privilege with a series of safeguards to prevent Uncle Sam's being imposed upon by, at least, his martial retainers.

In the first place, if any portion of the route was traveled on a pass the officer can charge nothing, and his outlay for dining, parlor or sleeping car, porterage, etc., is a dead loss. If he has traveled over roads indebted to the Government (as for a long time was the Union Pacific) or any one of the many "bond-aided" lines leased by some of the big transcontinental companies, he cannot recover a cent for a single mile. He must apply to the Quartermaster's department beforehand for a "transportation request," and hand that to the conductor in lieu of a ticket.

There is no great trouble about this so long as there is a clear stretch of several hundred miles, like that from San Francisco to Ogden, Utah, over which the Government holds the right to issue transportation, but the rival trunk lines that connect Omaha with Chicago, as a sample, are very largely made up of sections scattered all over Iowa and Illinois that were "bond-aided" when built, and seem still to be indebted to the Government. Then the officer has a comical time of it. There is an official termed the Auditor of the War Department who has a force of clerks at his command whose business it is to check over the accounts of every officer in the service and chip off a few dollars here, there and almost everywhere, pronounce them "disallowed," and require the officer to refund.

Let me illustrate. I was ordered two summers ago to proceed from San Francisco to Chicago. The Adjutant-General added his certificate to the order that "the travel was necessary for the public service," which meant that Uncle Sam paid the fare by the "shortest usually traveled route." The Quartermaster at San Francisco gave me his transportation request to carry me as far as Ogden, at which point I bought a railway ticket to Chicago, and, arriving there, presented a copy of my order to the Chief Paymaster, whose clerk made out a mileage account covering the distance from Ogden to Chicago, and a check for the amount due me at four cents a mile.

Long months afterward came a letter from the Paymaster General saying that the Auditor demanded that I refund so many dollars for mileage between Council Bluffs and Des Moines, and so many more for mileage between Marshall and Marion, etc. Now, these "stretches" are not on the same line at all—one is on the Rock Island, the other on the Northwestern—and to carry out the Auditor's idea I should have left my sleeper on the Rock Island at midnight at Des Moines, stayed over there until a cross country train

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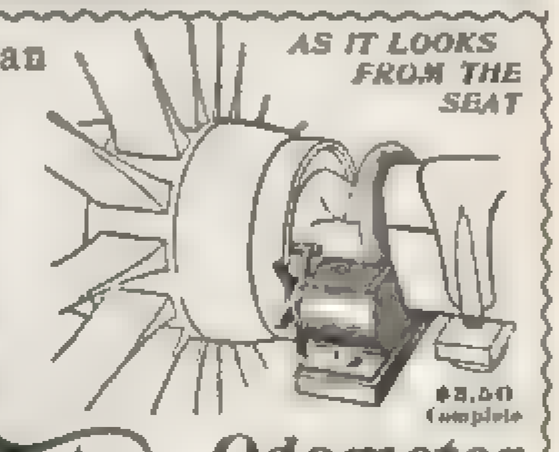
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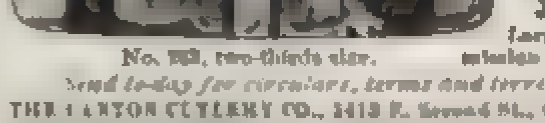

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left next day, which would carry me to the Northwestern road, waited there for the next east-bound train that would take me by way of Marshall and Marion, and when arrived at Marion, in order to be consistent, should have there studied up other "bond-aided" patches on the Burlington, the Great Western, the C. M. & St. P., etc., and so spent several days, perhaps, of valuable time hunting for trains over lines whereon the United States had a lien

I ventured to point out all this to the Paymaster-General, and he must have said something strenuous to the Auditor, for presently back came a missive amending the decision so far as requiring me to refund for Marshall and Marion, but the other and bigger stoppage held good. Some of the Auditor's decisions, however, are stunners. The rule seems to be, "Where there's a doubt, reasonable or unreasonable, stop the amount against the officer's pay and let him fight for it

Here's a case. In November, '71, I received orders from the Adjutant-General of the army to report without delay to Major General Emory for duty as aide-de-camp General Emory had just been ordered to New Orleans to the command of the Department of the Gulf. I left my troop near Cheyenne Wyoming, forthwith, joined the General at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, and accompanied him via Louisville, where he was to consult the division commander, General Halleck and thence to his new station. Long years afterward I was amazed to have a big block of my pay stopped against me for "absence without leave in November, 1871," a thing I was never guilty of in my life

And this was the Auditor's explanation General Emory did not assume command at New Orleans until November 28, therefore, according to the Auditor, he was not entitled to an aide de camp, therefore the aide-de-camp who had reported to him without delay, as ordered, was technically absent without leave from his proper station. The fight on that decision was prompt, sharp and decisive The Auditor had to take back the allegation of absence without leave, and consequent stoppage of pay, but I had to refund the pay received for duty as aide-de-camp prior to November 28

Aside from the money at stake, all these fights cost much in time, temper and nervous wear and tear yet hosts of officers have had experiences more absurd than mine

One of the most unique is told of the late General Poe, of the Engineer Corps. I give it as given to me. He was in charge of river and harbor improvements along the shores of Erie and Huron. A fire broke out one day among some sheds on the breakwater. A schooner laden with explosives for blasting purposes lay close alongside If the fire reached that schooner there would be an explosion that would shake the city of Cleveland about the ears of the burghers, so not a second was to be lost. Poe sprang on a tug whose captain was daring enough to make the attempt, tackled on to the schooner, towed her out of harm's way in the nick of time, paid the captain a fair price for his invaluable service, and had the whole thing "disallowed" by the Auditor. Why? Because he hadn't "advertised for proposals" so that the contract could be awarded the lowest bidder

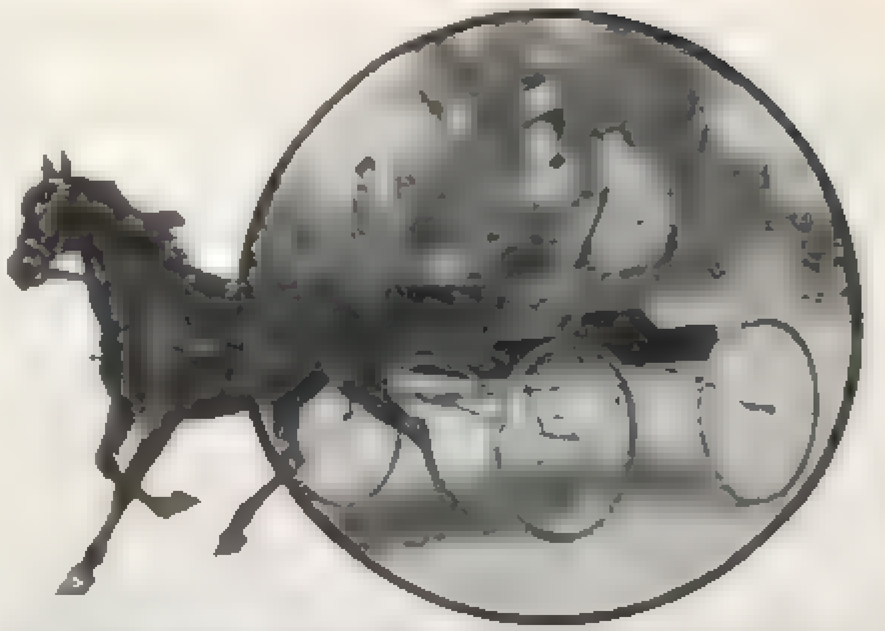
They are said to be just as amusing in England. Army officers traveling under orders of John Bull submit an expense account at the end of the journey, and are presumably reimbursed. On the account of a certain subaltern appeared the item "Porter — 6d" The Auditor disallowed it with the caustic remark that the Government didn't propose to pay for malt liquor consumed by its officers The victim replied that it wasn't sixpence for drink but for the man who carried his luggage

The Auditor promptly responded that in that event the charge should have been for "porterage," as the subaltern should have had sense enough to know, and was then properly amazed when the young officer's next account contained an item [illegible] cabbage 1s. 6d."

"What's the meaning of this charge for vegetables?" demanded the War Office

Twasn't vegetables, but a four-wheeler replied the victim. "You said it shouldn't be porter but porterage, and so I supposed cab should be cabbage;" and the Auditor refers to that episode as a specimen of subaltern stupidity. Some of us thought the laugh was on the other side

Since the above was written Congress has in part, seen the error of its ways, and now gives seven cents a mile over ordinary roads and four cents over "land grant" or "bond-aided" roads. This is measurable comfort to army officers now on duty, but fails to help those who were victims of the cheeseparing policy of the past



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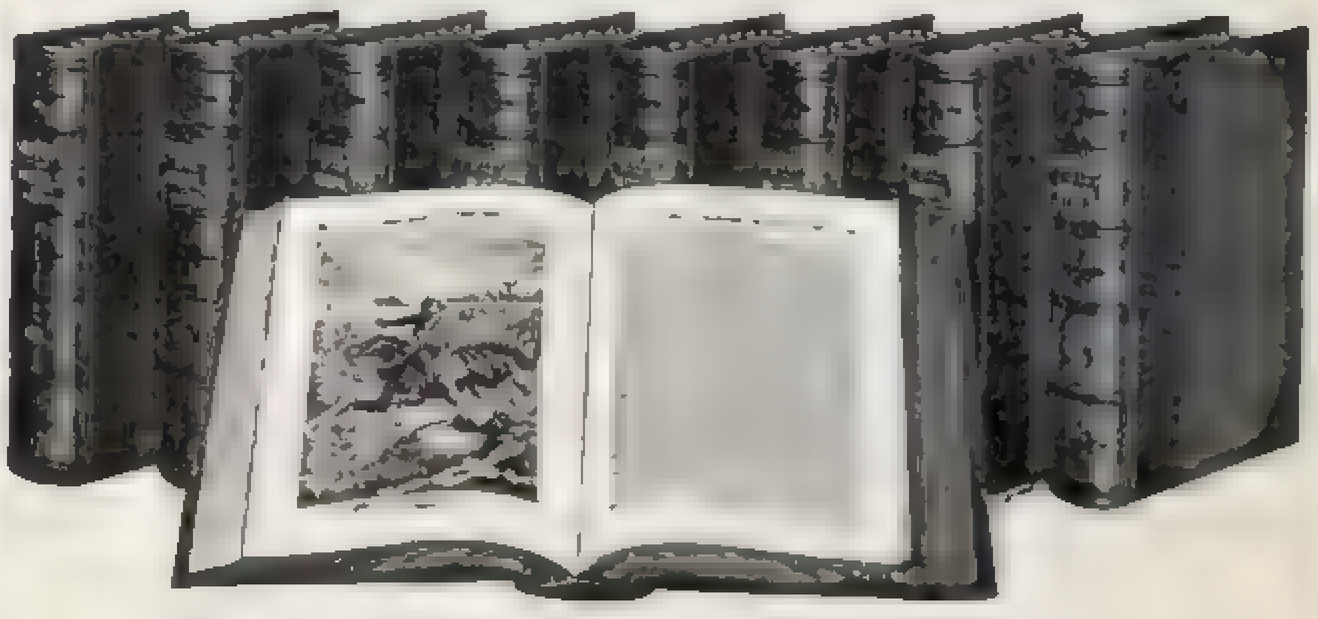

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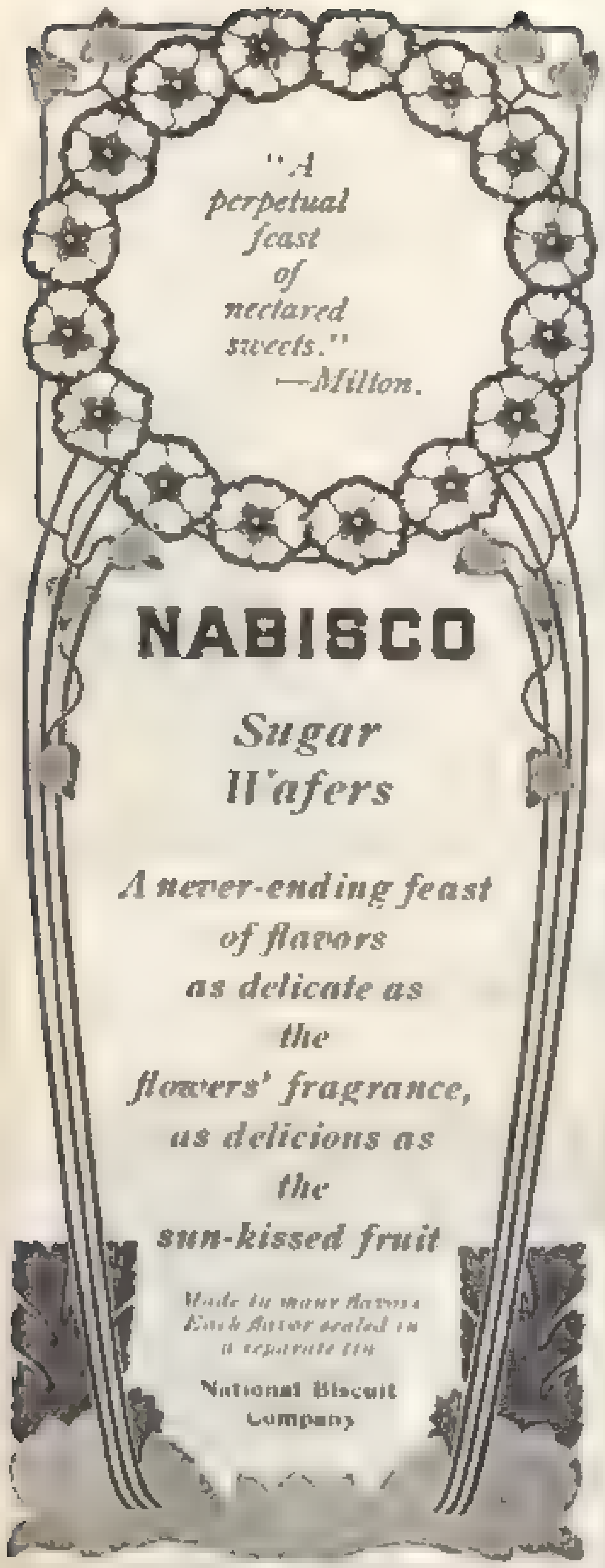
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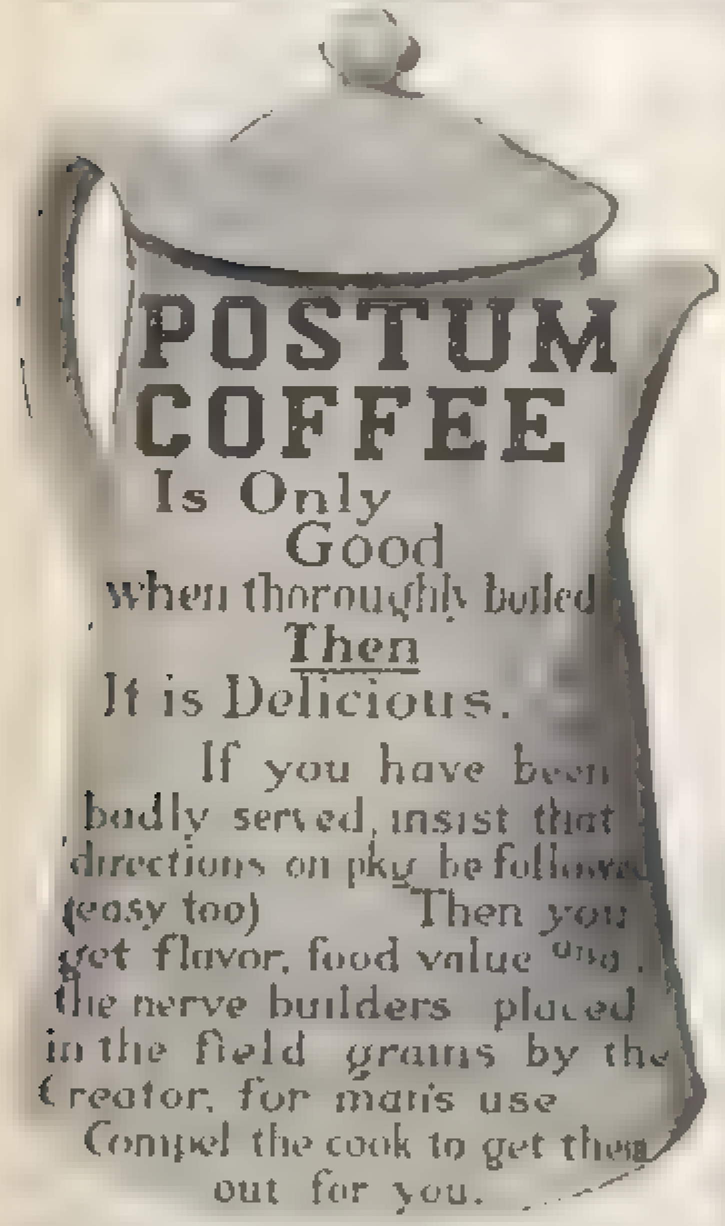
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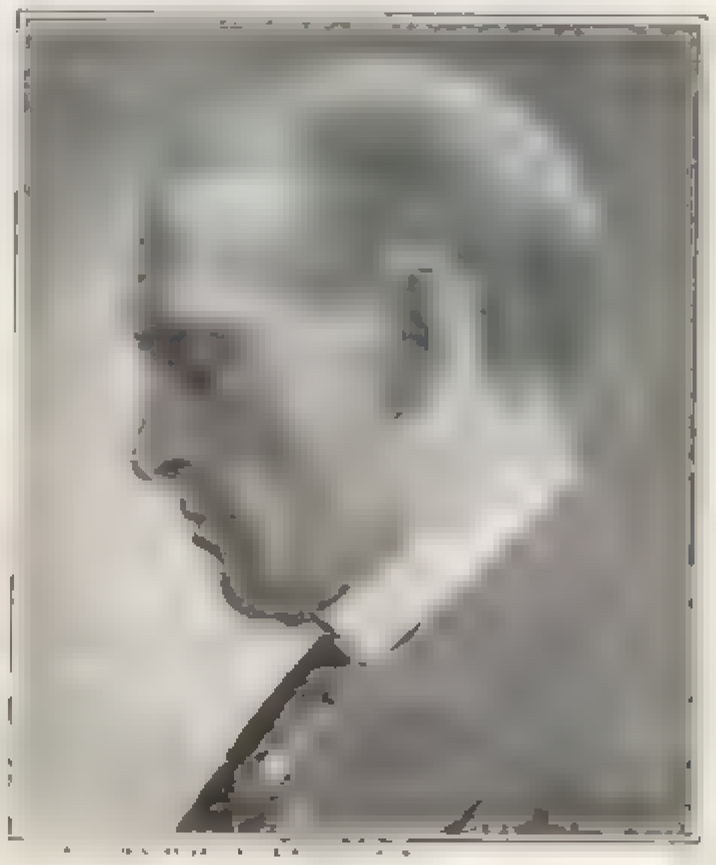
As shown in His Personal Letters

By George H. Yenowine



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THE late Eugene Field, as a letter-writer, is known to the public only as frolicsome and witty, but with his intimate friends and his family he was a diligent and delightful correspondent. The few letters that have been made public before and since his death are mostly what he called "comics"—humorous but highly ornate epistles concerning his salary and work, or notes conveying fictitious information to intimate friends or passing strangers, just as the fancy happened to strike him.

He was a very rapid writer and scarcely ever made a change, erasure or addition in his newspaper copy. He was very fond of expensive paper and used only the finest steel pens and the blackest ink, and he had no patience with badly written letters. His information was encyclopædic and his writing as perfect and regular as copperplate, and his personal letters were generally on small sheets of fine note-paper. Such letters were as dainty as a schoolgirl's and as artistic in general appearance as an illuminated missal.

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He took great pride in his manuscript and it was always prepared with great care. Every sheet sent to the printers bore this familiar lead-pencil inscription: "Do not soil; return to E. F." He did most of his writing at home in his den, sitting at (or, more properly speaking, partly on) a small flat table. He would tilt back his chair and rest his long legs across one corner of the table, and all of his writing was done in this position, on a writing pad held in his lap! On the table rested his inks, and in addition to the black there were always small bottles of green, blue, red, orange and purple. These were used merely for ornamental purposes, and it was his delight to illuminate the first few words or all of the initial letters, of his manuscript, often adding a little drawing or two as a finishing touch.

When Mr. Field discovered any one who preserved his letters or manuscript he was immensely pleased. In a letter to one of his little children, away at school, many years before his death, he made this reference to his books and letters:

> I hope you are taking good care of the book of stories I sent you at Christmas time. That book will be worth a great deal of money some time. And the book that is given by the author to the person to whom it is dedicated is, of course, much more valuable than any other of its kind. You should keep all the letters I write to you. When I am gone they will perhaps be a comfort to you as serving to remind you that your father loved you so tenderly. The letters I had received from my father while I was at school all burned up in a fire [illegible]. That was [illegible] never to be repaired.

He felt great aversion to his letters falling into the hands of strangers. One time he saw the advertisement of some particularly valuable old books offered for sale by an Eastern book dealer. He wrote an order and chuckled

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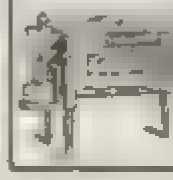
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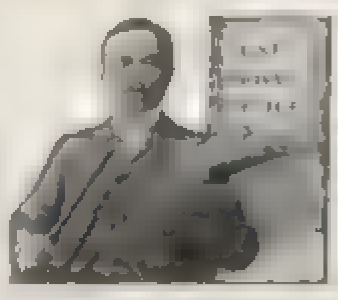
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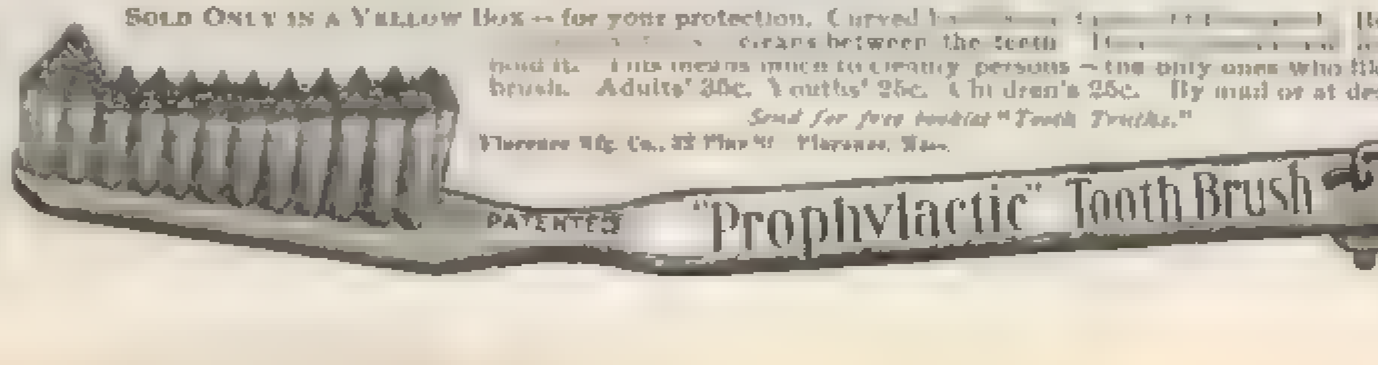
was the making of Jones' business. [illegible] up-to-date [illegible] Now he has a private office [illegible] AMERICANS [illegible] paying a higher [illegible]
The American Typewriter Co., 264 Broadway, New York City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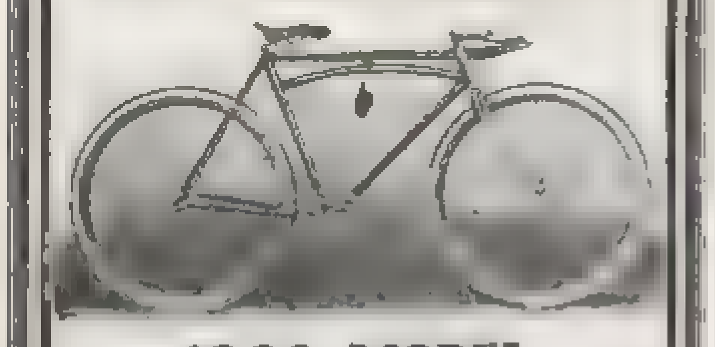

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to himself when he showed it to me. It was beautifully written, with illuminated letters and a little drawing of an old book-shop on one corner of the margin.

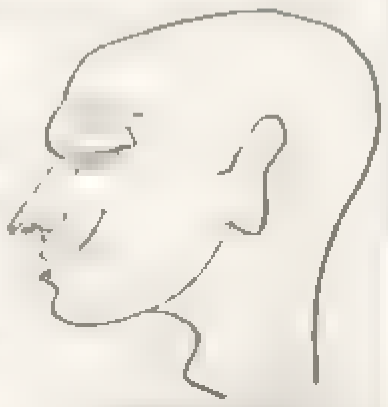
"I thought I'd tickle the vanity of this old skinflint," he laughingly explained, "and I'll bet he will not only sell me these books 'way under price but will keep this letter to show to his grandchildren."

The order was sent, but somehow the scheme did not work. The books came—at full list price—and in a month's time the mails brought a new catalogue—and to Mr. Field's utter disgust he saw, as big as life, under the head of "Manuscript Letters," this special offer:

> A magnificently engrossed letter from Eugene Field, ordering a lot of books—A big bargain at $[illegible]

That was his first and last attempt to convert a professional "second-hand literary dealer."

In a letter written from Mr. Field's home, Buena Park, Chicago, two years before his death, he gave the history of some of his best known verses:



EUGENE FIELD DRAWN BY HIMSELF

> My Dutch Lullaby was written one night in [illegible] 1889. The little story occurred [illegible] as I was riding home on the street [illegible] [illegible] a series of [illegible] and had [illegible] A Dutch Lullaby [illegible] this I elaborated subsequently into the bit of verse [illegible] Nightfall in Dordrecht. When the names of Wynken, Blynken and Nod occurred suddenly to me I abandoned the windmill story and took up with the wooden shoe. I sat up in bed and wrote out the lullaby as it now appears, with the exception that I first wrote
>
> "Into a sea of [illegible]
>
> and this line I changed next morning to
>
> "Into a sea of dew."
>
> My Little Boy Blue was written (1889), within the space of two hours, in the Record office, and to fill an order from the America [illegible] The name of Little Boy Blue came to me while I wanted a [illegible] seventh line of the first stanza.
>
> My verses, To a [illegible] are actually addressed to my [illegible], who as a little boy used to say that when he grew up he was going to marry his mother.
>
> The [illegible] was written (1880) one evening while my infant son lay at the point of death.
>
> Our Two Opinions was written (1880) to prove to a friend that I could make a [illegible] imitation of James Whitcomb Riley's style.
>
> My wife's favorite of my verse is The Song of Luddy-Dud, a fragment inspired by our baby boy. Similarly inspired was Garden and Cradle.
>
> Buttercup, Poppy, Forget-me-not was written (1891) upon the anniversary of my oldest boy's death. The allusion in the last stanza of the dedication of [illegible] Trumpet [illegible]
>
> My [illegible] Lullaby was written at [illegible] and was inspired by the sight of a [illegible] looking Jewess nursing her babe in the highway.
>
> With the money I got for my verses, Apple-Pie and Cheese, I bought my folio Chaucer of 1598.

A natural elocutionist and a born actor, few men had the stage presence that Mr. Field possessed. And yet he was never free from stage fright, and always regarded his public

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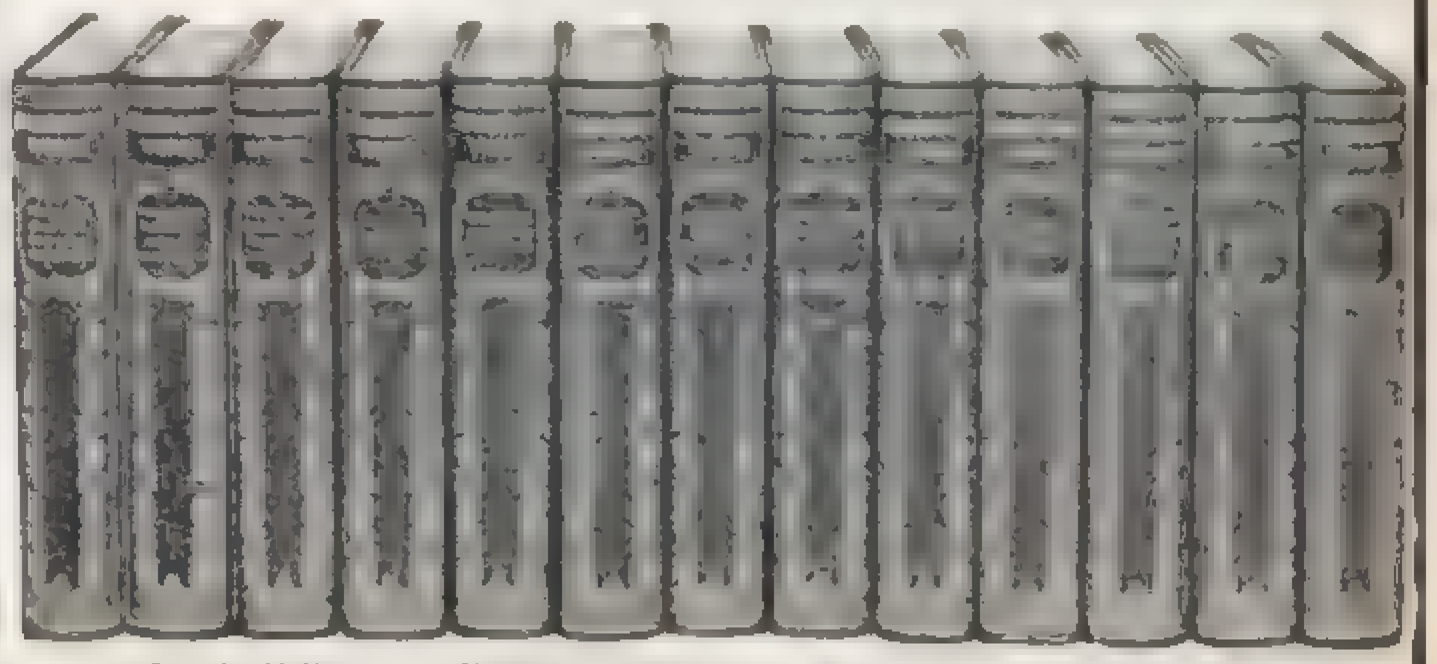

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readings with a kind of horror and fear. I have a letter written in reply to an urgent offer of $100 to give a reading at a Press Club entertainment, in which he gives his reason for declining the offer

> CHICAGO, November 2[illegible]
>
> *My Dear Yenowine:* There is no [illegible] that I know of that would induce me to appear in public. Major Pond has been after me for years and so far I have resisted his seductive blandishments. I have a [illegible] horror of parading myself before the public upon the platform. I am sorry I have to return this negative answer to your courteous letter. I wish I could accommodate you and the Press Club boys, but I [illegible]

During Mr. Field's stay in Europe, where he went in search of health in 1889, he remained the greater part of the time in London. His four small children were placed at school in Hanover, Germany, and it was Mr. Field's habit to write a letter every day to one or the other of them. While at school Mr. Field's eldest son, Melvin, a manly lad of fourteen, died, and the father was so ill in London that he could not go to his bedside. A few days later he wrote to his second son as follows

> *My Dear Boy:* You know, of course that I sympathize deeply with you in the first great sorrow of your life — the death of dear Melvin, the brother who loved you so fondly and to whom you were so devotedly attached. It is a consolation to me to know that you boys thought so much of one another but the thought of your loneliness fills me with grief. I am hoping — yes, I am sure — that his memory will always be a beautiful thing for you to cling to; he was so gentle in his strength and so brave and patient in his suffering. I feel that the example of dear Melvin will serve as an inspiration to you in your future life. I believe that he is happier and better off now than if he were with us, for, beautiful as the world is and attached as we become to human friendships, there is a more beautiful beyond wherein await friendships that death cannot sever. To that world we all go sooner or later and it is there that you shall sometime meet your beloved brother in a love and peace without end. God is good, my dearest, and He has done to us what we should not regret. The blow seems harsh and unbearable, but presently we shall see that it is well. Melvin knows all the great mystery now; he sees us and loves us just as of old — perhaps, unseen, he will join you in your play. Who knows but that God hath appointed him to be your guardian angel? I want you to feel, dearest, that your brother is not lost to you forever, but that sometime you and he and we all shall be united in a love that has no parting. Meantime, you should appreciate the circumstances that you are now our oldest boy on earth and that there has suddenly developed upon you a certain responsibility, which, but for this sorrow, would not have fallen to your lot. You must feel that you are to take Melvin's place among us, seeking to be in a measure the protector of your younger brother, the guardian of your sister, and consolation of your mother and a help to your father. You will try to be all this, I know, for I have faith in the valor of your purpose and the force of your endeavor. Above all things be patient, gentle, truthful and manly, and then all will love you and be glad to help you.
>
> Ever affectionately yours,
>
> EUGENE FIELD.

Two days before his death Mr. Field wrote me on a matter of business, and in a postscript he spoke of his future plans and work. He said

> I am still hard at work upon my Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac, which will be printed in book form next spring. I have just completed Chapter xix and I suppose Chapter xxxv might be enough, although I don't know how I am going to say all I want to within that compass. When I am done with this pleasant task and The House I shall want to write a book about curio collecting, and after that I shall perhaps feel like attempting — what I have long been thinking about — a story of New England life, involving Salem witchcraft and the brief period of Nathaniel Mather's life. Irving Way has been wanting me to do the preface to the volume of Anne Bradstreet's poems which the Duodecimo will publish; but Anne is a tough, uncongenial old bird, and I hesitate to tackle her. I suppose that one is justified in putting off a task he feels he cannot do well

This letter bears date Chicago, November 2, 1895. It was Saturday and Mr. Field complained to his family of not feeling very well. He finished the nineteenth chapter of The Love Affairs of a Bibliomaniac and it closed his literary life. This letter is probably the last ever written by Mr. Field. The next day, Sunday, November 3, he was still feeling very weak, and kept his room closely and spent part of the day in bed. Mr. Field, although in bed, conversed with his family and a friend during the whole of Sunday evening. At midnight he fell asleep and the family retired. At four o'clock the next morning he was dead, having during a fitful sleep passed away

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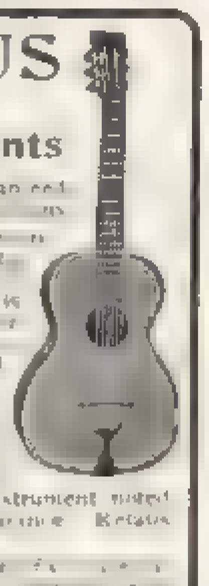

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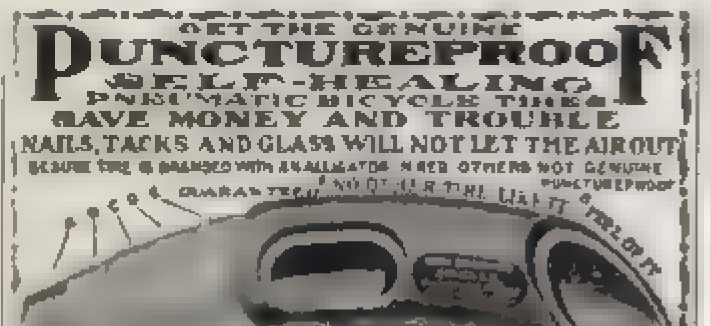

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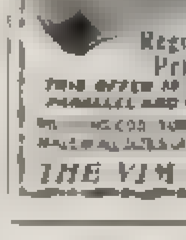

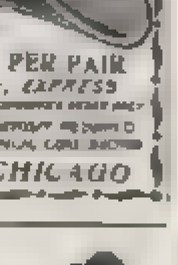

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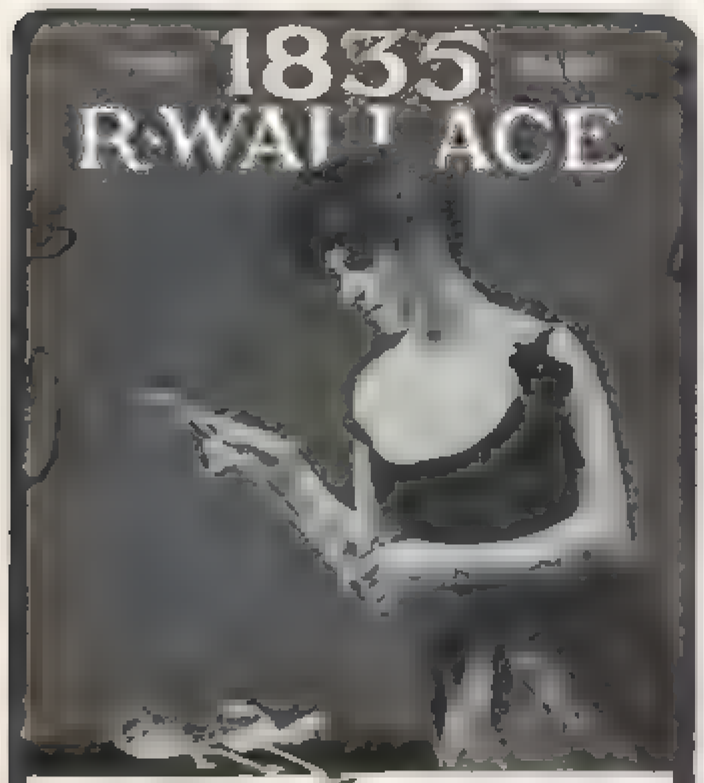

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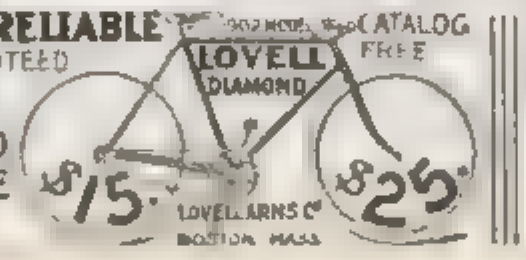

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Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

(Concluded from Page 5)

He kept this sort of thing up till he judged it was our bedtime, and then he thanked us one and all for our kind attention,' he said that as his mission in life was to amuse as well as to heal, he would stay over till the next afternoon and give a special matinée performance for the little ones, whom he loved for the sake of his own golden-haired Willie, back there over the Rhine.

Naturally, all the women and children turned out the next afternoon, though the men had to be at work in the fields and the stores, and the Doctor just made us roar for half an hour. Then, while he was singing an uncommon funny song, Mrs. Brown's Johnny let out a howl

The Doctor stopped short. Bring the poor little sufferer here, Madam and let me see if I can soothe his agony,'' says he

Mrs. Brown was a good deal embarrassed and more scared, but she pushed Johnny, yelling all the time, up to the Doctor, who began tapping him on the back and looking down his throat. Naturally this made Johnny cry all the harder, and his mother was beginning to explain that she "reckoned she must have stepped on his sore toe,' when the Doctor struck his forehead, cried ' Ha, ha whipped out a bottle of the Priceless Boon and forced a spoonful of it into Johnny's mouth Then he gave the boy three slaps on the back and three taps on the stomach ran one hand along his windpipe and took a small button hook out of his mouth with the other

Johnny made all his previous attempts at yelling sound like an imitation when he saw this, and he broke away and ran toward home Then the Doctor stuck one hand in over the top of his vest, waved the button hook in the other, and cried: "Woman, your child is cured! Your button hook is found'"

Then he went on to explain that when baby swallowed safety-pins, or pennies, or fish-bones, or button-hooks, or any little household articles, that all you had to do was to give it a spoonful of the Priceless Boon, tap it gently fore and aft, hold your hand under its mouth, and the little article would drop out like chocolate from a slot machine

Every one was talking at once, now, and nobody had any time for Mrs. Brown, who was trying to say something. Finally she got mad and followed Johnny home. Half an hour later the Doctor drove out of the Corners leaving his stock of the Priceless Boon distributed—for the usual consideration—among all the mothers in town

It was not until the next day that Mrs. Brown got a chance to explain that while the Boon might be all that the Doctor claimed for it, no one in her house had ever owned a button hook, because her old man wore jack boots and she wore congress shoes, and little Johnny wore just plain feet

I simply mention the Doctor in passing not as an example in morals, but in methods Some salesmen think that selling is like eating—to satisfy an existing appetite; but a good salesman is like a good cook—he can create an appetite when the buyer isn't hungry

I don't care how good old methods are, new ones are better, even if they're only just as good That's not so Irish as it sounds Doing the same thing in the same way year after year is like eating a quail a day for thirty days. Along toward the middle of the month a fellow begins to long for a broiled crow or a slice of cold dog

Your affectionate father
JOHN GRAHAM

SONG

By Robert Loveman

A FLAKE at a time the dawn drifts down,
Filling the world with light;
Heart of my heart, in dreams of thee
I smiled away the night.

And now 'tis morn, the garish sun
Doth flaunt his lurid beams,
Speed day, speed light; come quickly, night,
Bringing again my dreams.

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MAKES PICTURES 2¼ x 3¼ INCHES.

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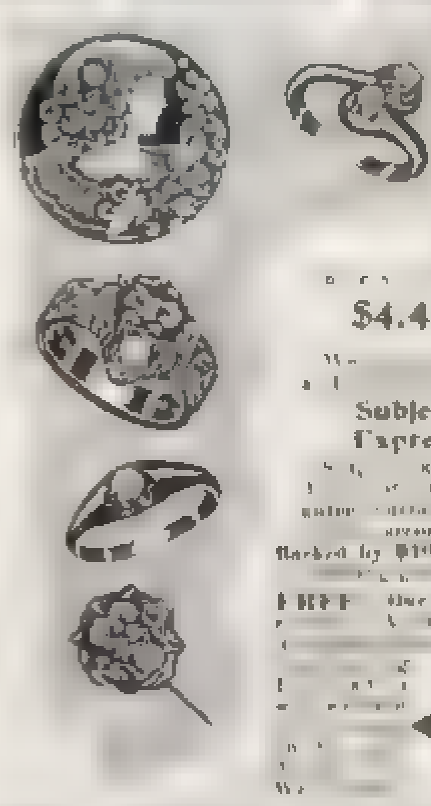

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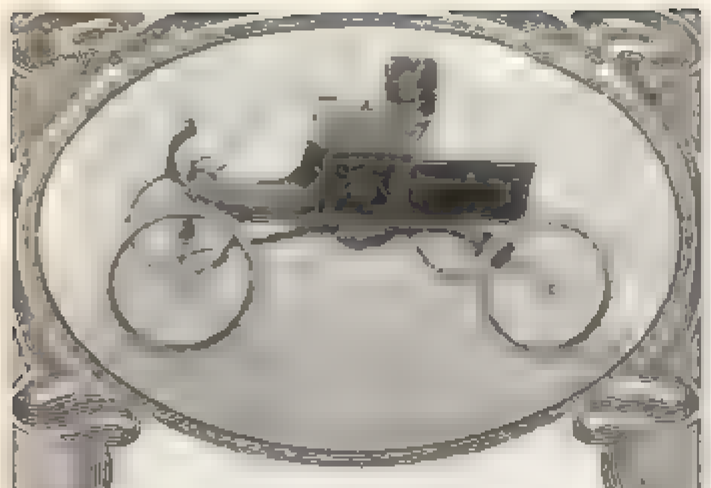

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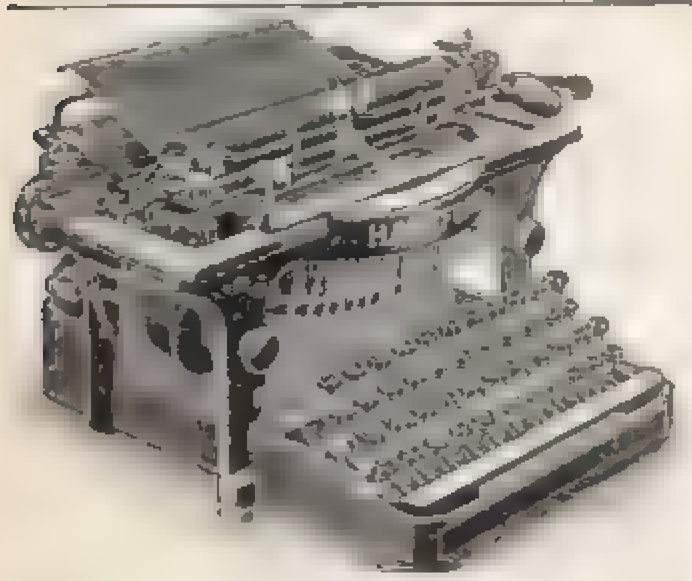

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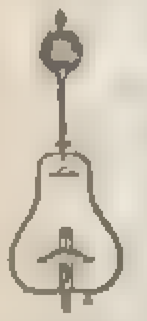

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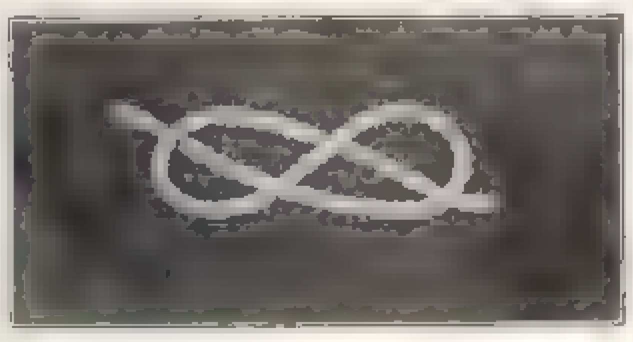
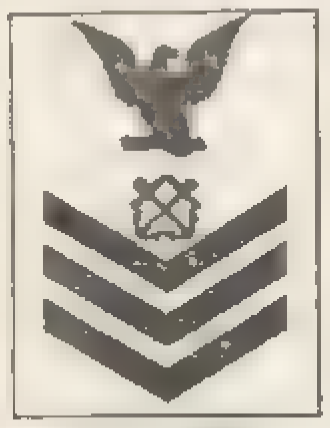


By C. A. McAllister

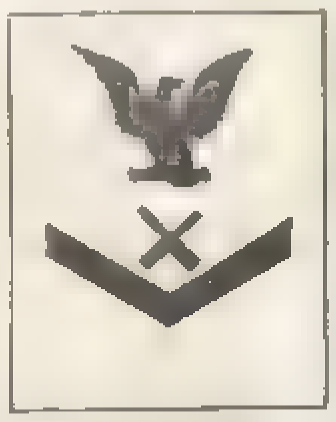
TO THE average person on shore a group of naval sailors is something of an enigma, providing he is at all interested in determining the class or rating to which each individual belongs. Though, as a general thing, all enlisted men in the naval service wear the same style of hat, overshirt and trousers, the various marks and badges worn on the sleeves or on the front of the overshirt are mystifying. Many persons, no doubt, think that the several designs in vogue are purely decorative in character, put on as individual taste may direct. Such, however, is decidedly not the case, as nothing receives more attention in the Navy than the matter of correct uniform.

Soldiers in the Army have, with but few exceptions, one class of duties, and consequently the uniforms of fully nine-tenths of the enlisted men of any one regiment are precisely similar in every detail. On shipboard the opposite condition prevails, as the great variety of duties necessitates many different grades and classes among the men. To designate these grades and classes properly an ingenious system of badges and marks has been devised. All enlisted men, except the chief petty officers and bandsmen, have to wear a ribbon on their caps, upon which the name of the ship to which they are attached is neatly worked.

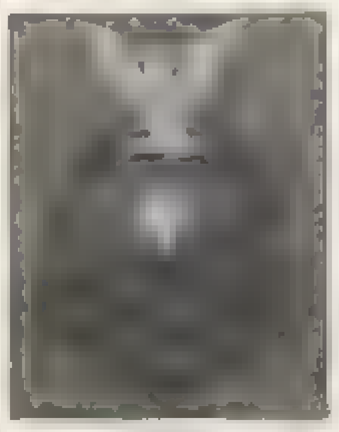
The crews of all war vessels are divided primarily into two sets, or "watches," as they are designated, known as the port watch and the starboard watch. To indicate the watch to which a man belongs, a strip of narrow braid is sewed on the shoulder seam of one of his sleeves: on the right for the starboard watch, and on the left for the port watch. A further distinction is made by this same strip of braid, as the men employed on deck wear a white watch-mark, while the firemen and coal passers wear a red one. On the cuffs of the overshirt there are sewed narrow strips of white linen tape, and even they are put on with due regard to a man's rating, thus, all petty officers, except the chiefs, and all enlisted men of the seamen first class wear



PETTY OFFICER
FIRST CLASS
In this case a Boatswain's Mate

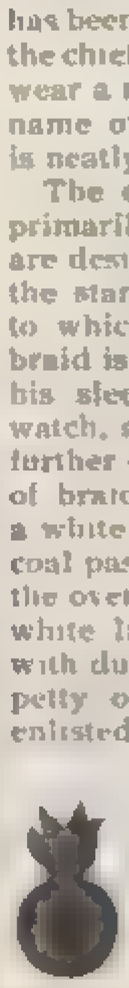


PETTY OFFICER
THIRD CLASS
In this case a Gunner's Mate

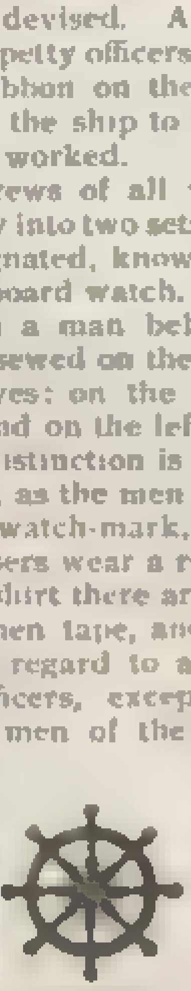


CHIEF
PETTY OFFICER
Master-at-arms

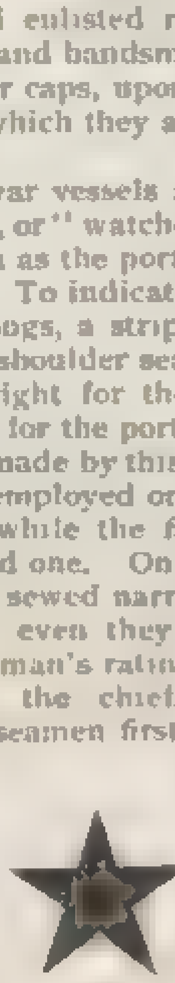
PETTY OFFICER
SECOND CLASS
A Quartermaster



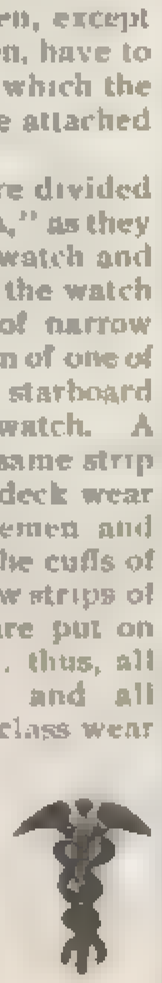
SEAMAN
GUNNER



QUARTER
MASTER



MASTERS
AT ARMS



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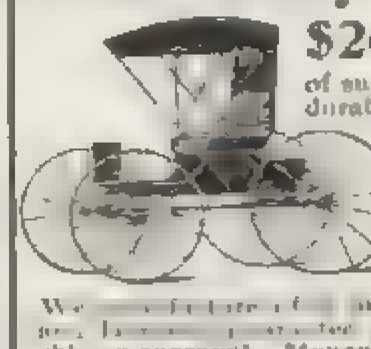

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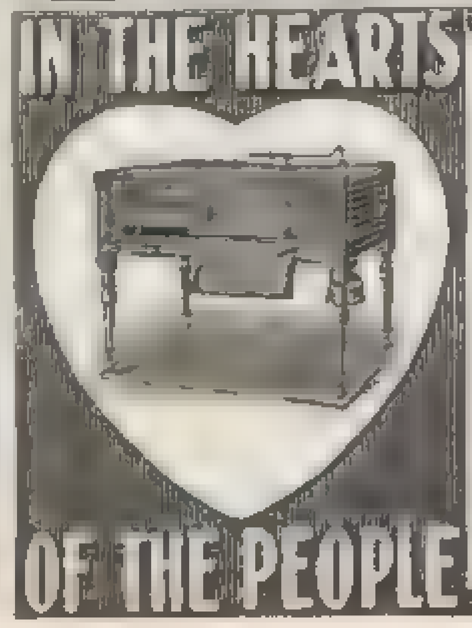

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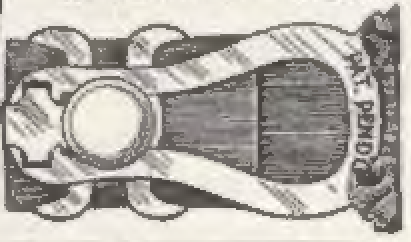

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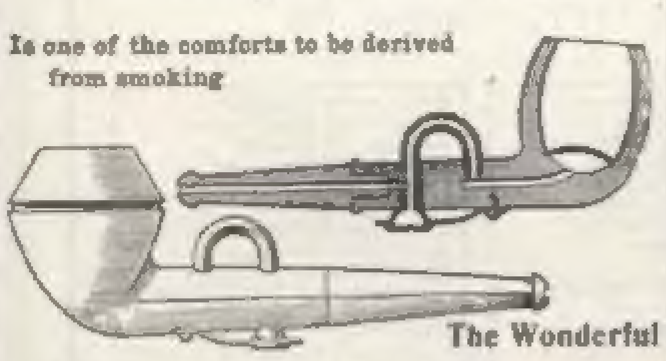

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Cooks a whole meal over one burner, on gasoline, oil, gas, or common cook stove.

REDUCES FUEL BILLS ONE-HALF

Makes tough meats tender. Prevents steam and odors. Holds 12 one-quart jars in canning fruits. **Whistle blows** when Cooker needs more **water. Seamless copper bottom and sides.** We also make **Square Cookers with doors.**

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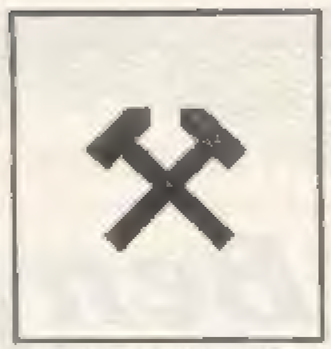

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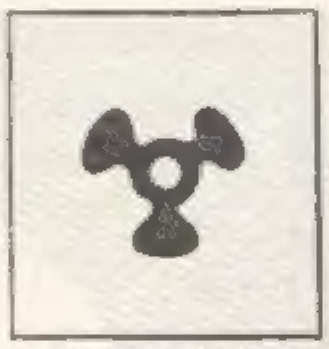


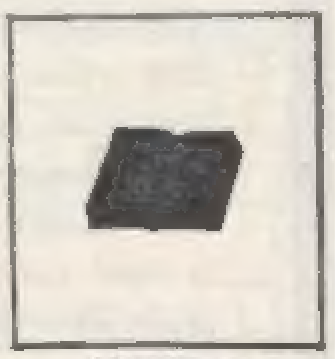
PETTY OFFICER ENGINEER'S DEPARTMENT

three stripes on each cuff; enlisted men of the seamen second class have two stripes, and enlisted men of the seamen third class have only one stripe on each cuff.

"Buzzards" for Petty Officers

The cap-ribbon and watch-mark are worn by all men who might be designated as the "privates," but, unlike the Army, a rather large proportion of a naval vessel's crew consists of petty officers of various grades. To distinguish these petty officers, a badge is worn upon both of the sleeves. This consists of a small spread eagle above a class chevron, and is worked in silk. The eagle, "Jacky" has facetiously dubbed a "buzzard," and its attainment is one of his greatest ambitions, not alone for the honor it conveys, but for the additional pay received by its wearer. The chevrons are simply narrow strips of red braid forming a right angle. One stripe is worn by petty officers, third class, two stripes by the second class, and three by the first. Chief petty officers' badges have the ends of the top chevrons joined by a stripe forming the arc of a circle. Between the eagle and the chevrons is worked what is known as the specialty mark, which shows the wearer's particular occupation on shipboard. These specialty marks are, where possible, designed to indicate some distinctive part of a man's calling; thus, petty officers' marks for the engineering departments are small propellers; quartermasters' marks are small steering wheels, as they are the helmsmen of the vessel; blacksmiths have crossed sledges; boatswains' mates and coxswains have a pair of crossed anchors; gunners' mates, a pair of crossed guns; seamen gunners, a flaming shell; yeomen, who are the ship's storekeepers, are designated by a pair of crossed keys; printers and schoolmasters have an open book; carpenters' mates, a pair of crossed axes; and masters-at-arms, or the police of the ship, are indicated by a star.

THE BANDSMAN'S LYRE

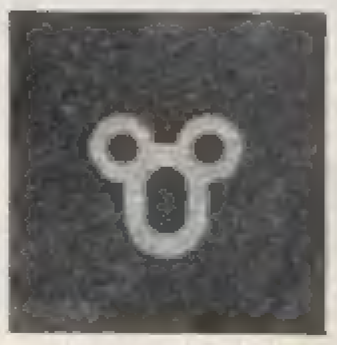


PRINTER OR SCHOOLMASTER

As with the ordinary seaman, the watch to which a petty officer belongs is shown by the arm on which his badge is worn. On white uniforms, the eagle and specialty mark are worked in blue, and on blue uniforms they are white. The chevrons are always scarlet. Permanent petty officers who hold at least three consecutive good-conduct badges have the privilege of wearing chevrons made of gold lace. The wearer of such a device may be considered a very efficient man.

What are known as continuous-service marks are also worn on the sleeves. If a man has served for a period of three years, or one enlistment, and has been honorably discharged, he is entitled on reënlisting to wear one diagonal stripe of scarlet cloth eight inches long on the outside of the fore-arm of his sleeve, and an additional one for each successive enlistment. The shirt-sleeves of some of the old veterans who have spent their lives in the service resemble a red gridiron from the large number of these service marks.

If "Jacky" has entered the Navy through the apprentice system, he is required to wear



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CARPENTER'S MATE

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ONE day a man was trying to shave. He had been induced to buy one of the *substitutes* for Williams' Shaving Soap, and was having an awful time—literally tearing his hair. The lather was thin and watery, would not soften his beard, and dried as soon as applied to his face. It dulled his razor, and no amount of stropping made any difference. His face smarted as if it had been scraped with a file. A friend dropped in with a camera, and was so struck by his agonized expression that he took his picture, and then remarked that he was an idiot to use anything but Williams' Shaving Soap.

"Trying a Substitute."

"Using Williams' Shaving Soap."

Next morning the camera fiend dropped in again. His friend had procured Williams' Shaving Soap meanwhile and was again shaving himself. Everything was changed. The thick, cooling, refreshing lather made him happy. This lather softened his beard. His razor was sharp and keen, and shaving, instead of being an agonizing operation, had become a genuine pleasure. He vowed a great vow that nothing would ever again induce him to try a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap. A glance at the two faces conveys more than words. You can't miss the moral.

CAUTION.—Don't accept a substitute for Williams' Shaving Soap on which the dealer makes a little more profit. It's not only a poor policy to economize on your shaving soap, but it's apt to be a dangerous one.

WILLIAMS' SOAPS SOLD EVERYWHERE, BUT SENT BY MAIL IF YOUR DEALER DOES NOT SUPPLY YOU.

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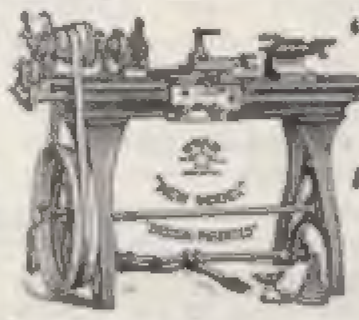

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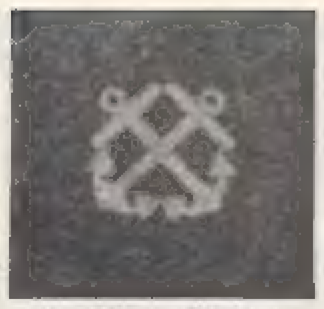
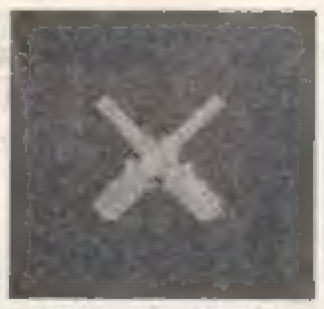


BOATSWAIN'S MATE
COXSWAIN



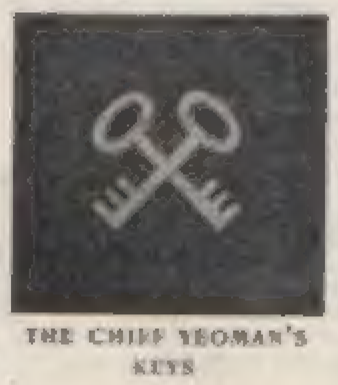
GUNNER'S MATE'S
CROSSED GUNS

the apprentice's mark (white cord twisted into a figure-of-eight knot) on his shirt-front, or on the sleeve of his coat when coats are worn. Hospital apprentices are distinguished by the wearing of a small Geneva Cross on the sleeve. Men who have been so efficient as to qualify as seaman gunner or gun captain have a specialty mark which they wear on their sleeves.

The neatly braided white cords which sailors wear around their necks are not for the purpose of ornamentation or for the indication of any particular rating. They are known simply as knife lanyards, and, being attached to the ends of the pocket-knives, serve the purpose of preventing them from being lost or falling overboard when in use.

Copying Naval Fashions for Girls

The present popularity of our Navy is in a manner largely responsible for the prevailing fashion of dressing small boys and girls, and even girls of a larger growth, in costumes supposed to be strictly nautical. Though a very few are correct and in accordance with naval practice, the majority of the uniforms seen on the streets or in the parks are really ludicrous to the eyes of the initiated. In the matter of watch-marks on the sleeves of these imitation uniforms the feminine love of color is apparent, as the red, or fireman's watch-mark, largely predominates. This love of color is not confined entirely to the gentler sex. Several years ago there was a scene in a nautical melodrama representing a conference of fleet commanders from various nations. Each commander marched to the centre of the stage attended by a bodyguard composed of ten of his sailors. The American admiral marched pompously forth amid a tumult of cheering and hand-clapping. Several naval officers in the audience seemed to be greatly amused. The cause of their amusement was the fact that each man in the squad wore a fireman's watch-mark, not only on one arm, but on both. Although firemen would perform such duty very creditably, it is beyond the range of probabilities that they would be selected for such an occasion. There seems also to be a penchant for dressing children as petty officers, and some of the devices in use, evidently designed in clothing-stores, are very crude imitations of the originals. Different specialty marks are selected at haphazard, and the favorite of all seems to be the quartermaster's mark, or the steering-wheel, probably because that appears to be the most nautical. The master-at-arms and his assistants on board ship are usually selected on account of their pugilistic abilities, as to them falls the duty of handling disorderly sailors or of quelling rows. The insignia of this rating seem somewhat incongruous on a delicate, spindle-shanked youth of eight or ten summers. Equally absurd is a machinist's badge on the sleeve of a young miss of the same age, or of any other age, in fact. The wearing of Navy cap-ribbons seems always to have been a fashion for children and a fad with young ladies. In this way interest in a particular vessel, whether the interest is of a general nature or due to the presence on board of a sweetheart or relative, is indicated by the wearer. The cap-ribbons purchased in dry-goods stores are usually of a cheap grade, the letters being stamped on the ribbon, and consequently they soon wear off. The ribbons worn by sailors have the letters made of gilt thread woven into the fabric. They are made in Paris, and are difficult to procure outside of the Navy. Many a sailor, and many officers, have found several dollars deducted from their pay at the end of a month for the ribbons bestowed upon importunate women friends.



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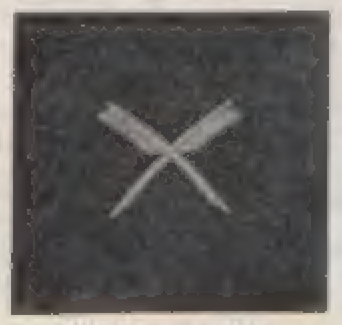

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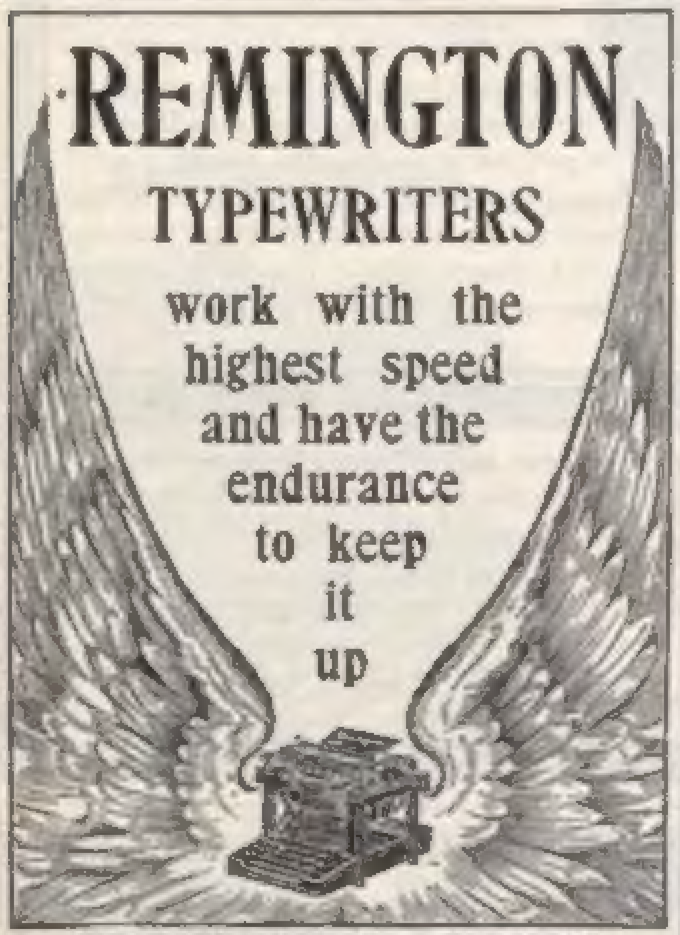

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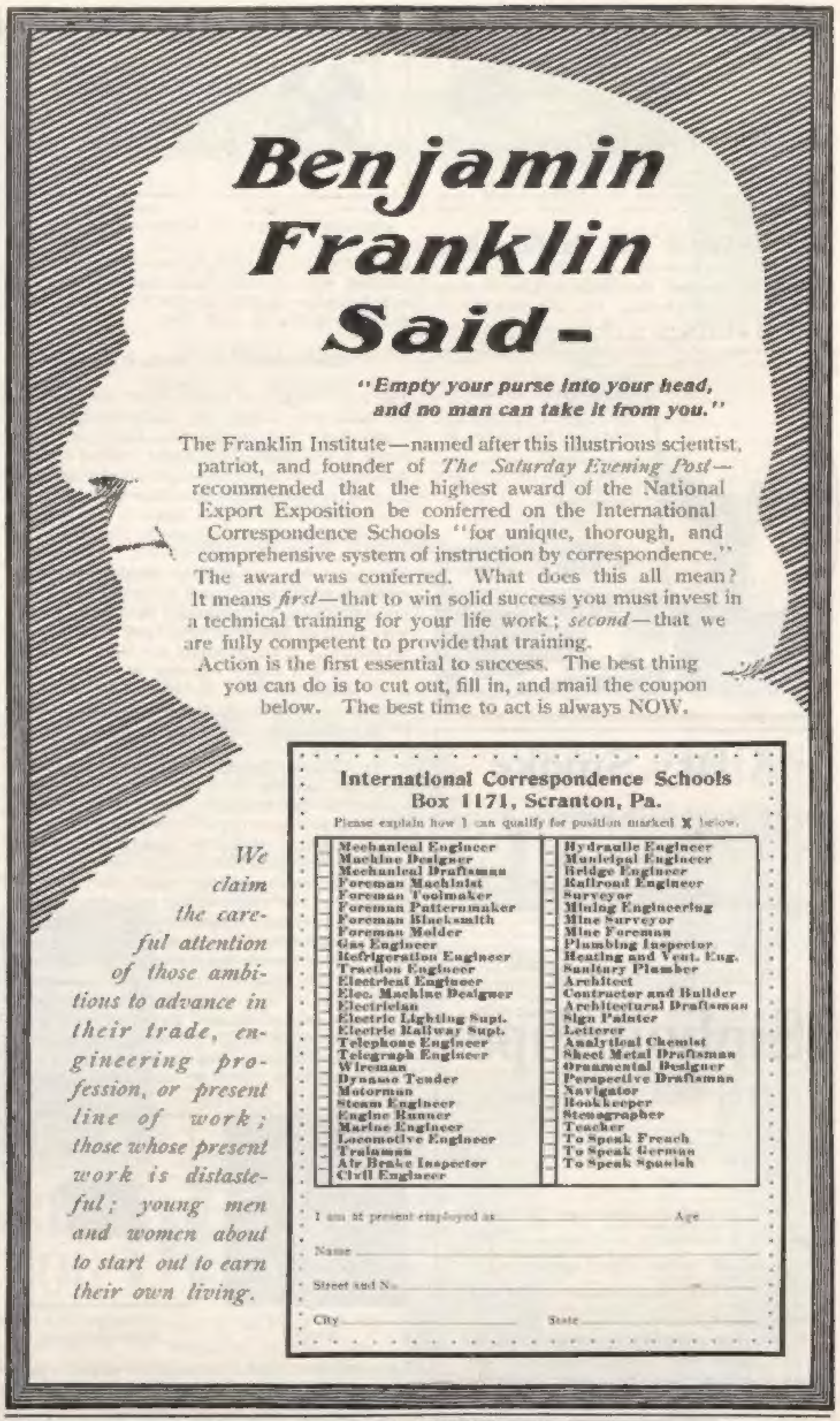

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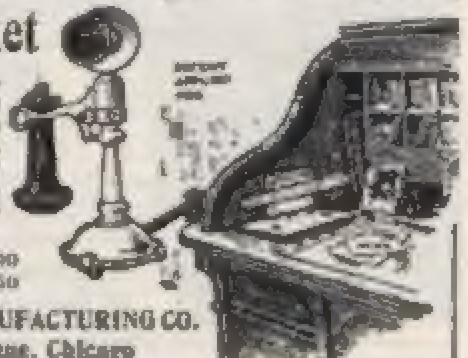

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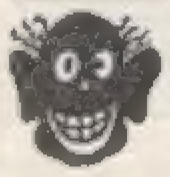

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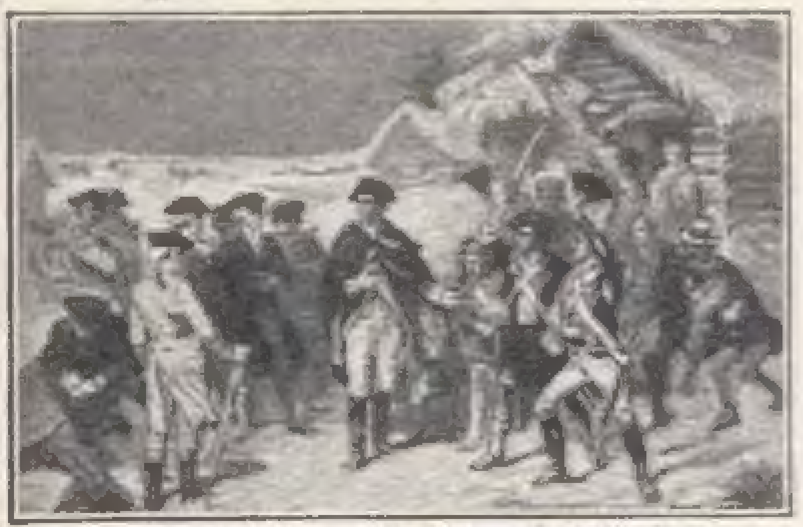

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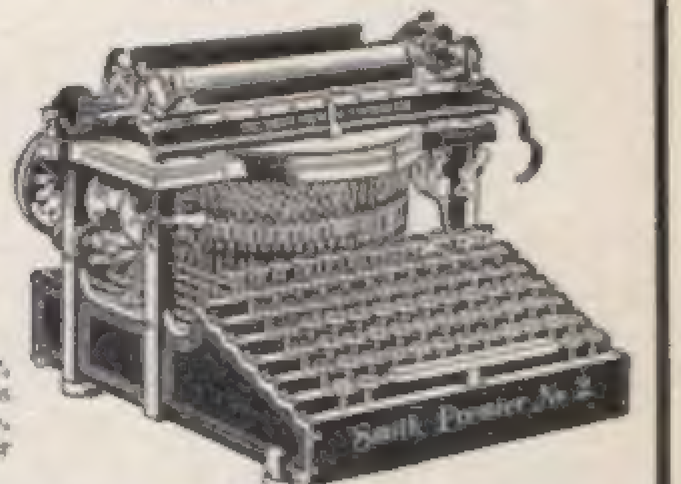

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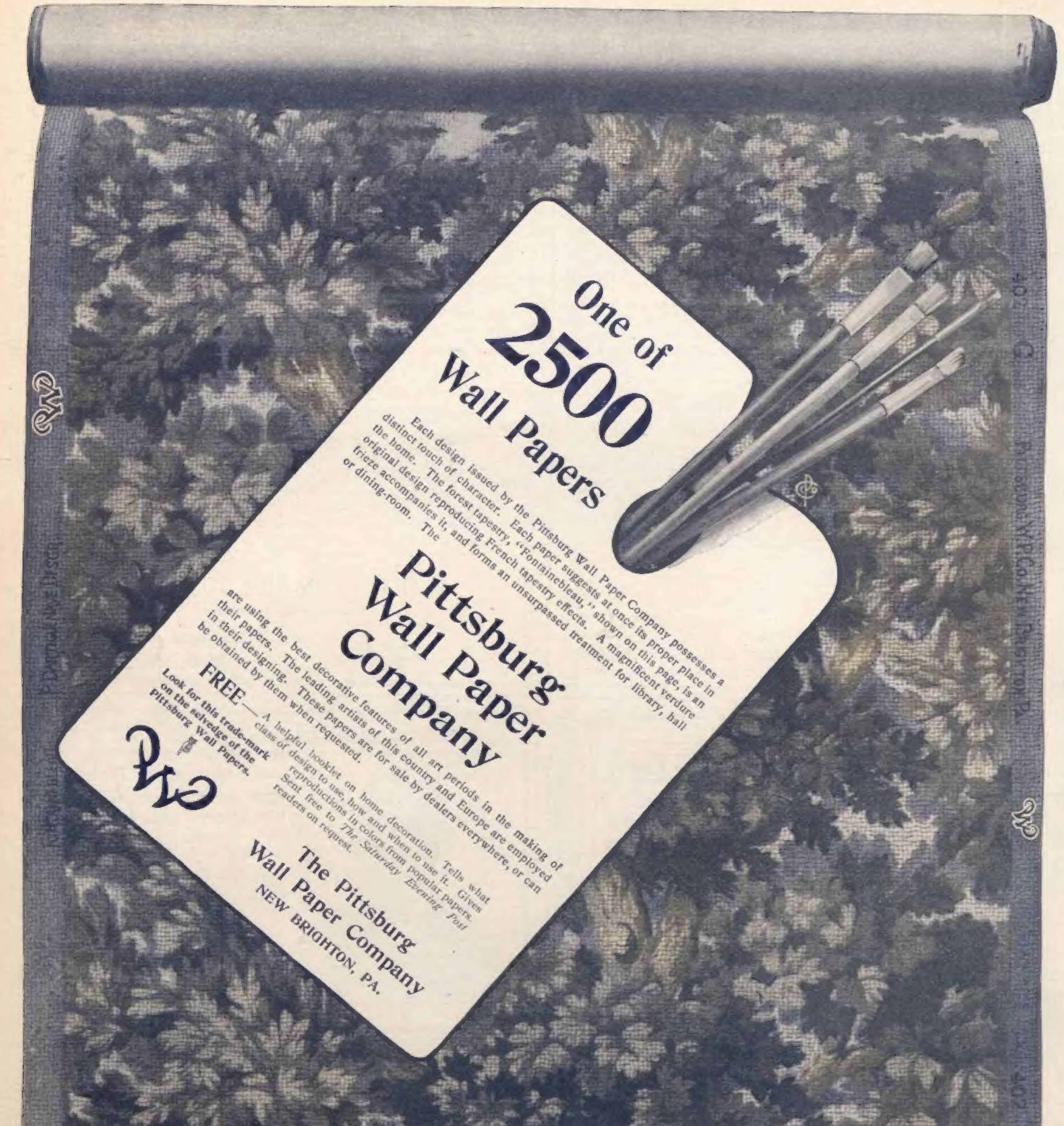
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